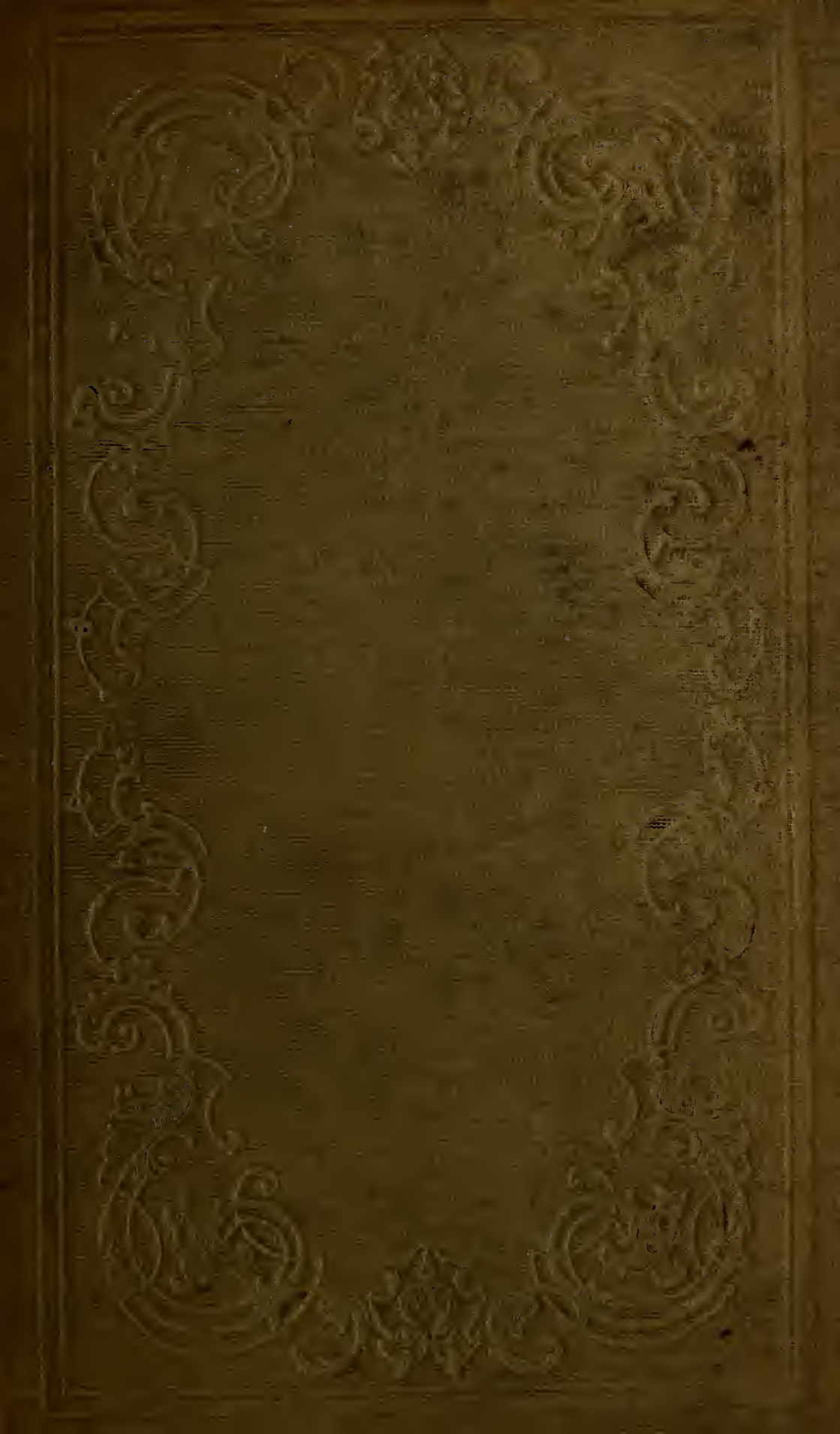




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To Sarah Anne

from Mary

July 9th 1850

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S. A. Baruchfield

July 9th 1850

ECONOMY;

OR,

A PEEP AT OUR NEIGHBOURS.

THE
CHANNEL
ISLANDS
OR



A PEEP AT
Our Neighbours
LONDON.

JOHN FIELD, 65 REGENT'S QUADRANT.
1847.

THE
JEWELLERS
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ECONOMY;
OR,
A PEEP AT OUR NEIGHBOURS.

“Nay, then, God be wi’ you—an you talk in blank verse.”

WOMEN must either write or talk. This is, I believe, an axiom; and what is more, it is a humour their mother gave them;—a legacy bequeathed by Eve herself—a precious heir-loom—a manifestation of power—transmitted in tenderness and in right of birth—to her all-improving daughters.

“Heaven first taught letters for some wretch’s aid.

But *who* taught them to women? *That* we will

not say, being in no critical mood. Suffice it to show, we are disposed to use our power.

But to whom shall we write? A letter directed to the clouds—to a seraph poised in air—balanced on its own bright wings! A letter to you, my friend,—*yewe*, as we intonate the word in Devon.

And will you read what I have to tell? That I cannot say; I cannot say anything you possibly will do; I know what you *can* do, and that must suffice. Yet as the traveller watches the sun, the voyager the fixed stars, so fix I my eyes on you! reckoning on your sympathy, though never asked—showing you how much we have all had you in our thoughts—depending on your kindness to pardon faults—and pondering when, and how, you will read this, our account—you, so far away!

And who are you? Never mind. No subject is the worse for a little mystery in the first setting off; as Asmodeous says, *Enfin tout est connu*.

There is a vast struggle in England between small properties and great appearances. No one wishes it—no one wants it;—but the snake is coiled—the heart is pressed and contracted—the sting is festering within—and there is no relief.

“ If we are doing too much, if we are getting in debt—at least let us have some propriety left; do not let us be wanderers—vagabonds: it is yet possible to take in another reef, and to remain where we are.” Thus does the deluded victim reason with himself; thus does the wife represent the matter to her husband; and they persevere in their course: the evil is tenaciously hugged to their own breasts, and the space is widened every year, between the good old rule of making both ends meet. Some miracle is looked for to fill up the gap; watched for—waited for; and their leisure hours are spent in visionary plans, anxious hopes, false and disappointing expectations. For what is to be done when every move, every turn, but makes

the matter worse ? when all calculation proves, as plain as “ black and white ” can prove, that the expenditure is greater than the means.

“ The horses ! ” sighs the wife.

“ The dress ! ” responds the husband.

“ But I *must* dress, my love,” replies the wife.

“ And I am not going to walk my legs off, rest assured,” observes the husband ; “ besides, what would the world say ? A nice dish of talk should they see that we had altered our mode of living ! ”

“ Then things must go on the same.”

“ Yes, things must go on the same.” And things *do* go on the same. And there is the winter and the Christmas fire ; the summer with its fruit and flowers. And in winter how can they give up their cheerful hearth ? and in summer who would leave their strawberry-beds, — a feast within themselves ? and the orchard and the garden teeming with good gifts, poured down from the bounteous lap of Nature.

“ Merrily, merrily, shall I live now !

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !”

And so all does live merrily but the master and mistress of the house. These, when off their guard, have nothing but a sickly smile, a desponding shake of the head to give, in return for all these good things ; whilst their discussions together are in no way so agreeable as lookers on are disposed to imagine. The wife is grown nervous, the husband cross ; they meet in private, and they say,

“ Well ?” And the reply is,

“ Well ?” they have too much to utter, and so they say nothing. And each one hopes the other’s mind is diverted, and that the care but rests in himself—in the one anxious breast.

Foolish ! foolish ! foolish ! Does the wife ever awake in the morning, but there the care is ? Does she ever go to bed at night, that she does not pray for the repose of “ easy circumstances ?”—there is something cosy in

the words ! to live within her means,—to have money, instead of everything else,—to spare.

The subject of her husband's aspirations, were taking too much on ourselves to say. Whatever they may be, he puts on a bold front ; perhaps rejoices himself with a large dinner party, or increases the number of his stud. The wife is called upon to see that the cheer be good, or to try the new purchase, and give her opinion of his taste. She tells him she hates the very sight of a horse ! and he complains, with all the innocence in the world, that she always looks black and discontented, when she ought, even in common politeness, to seem pleased.

But she has something to say which is of moment ; and the husband is taken apart to hear it.

“ Where is the money you promised me the other day ? I really do want it, and, I assure you, I must have it.”

“ You can't.”

“ How? why?”

“ Why! why, because I have not got it.”

“ Then how have the conscience to treat your friends?—how have the heart to buy another horse?”

“ How? But here comes the old story; women never will understand—never attend to reason!” And the back is put up—the hands in the pockets, (for there is plenty of room for them,) the creaking of boots is heard pacing the room, and war is proclaimed.

Unhappy, misguided pair! with nought but an undue proportion in the way you live, to the length and breadth of your purse, to set you at variance the one with the other.

But how did it happen?—what is to be done? Is it *their* fault, they ask, if their house and grounds, and therefore their establishment, are larger than their means? Did *they* put themselves into the one, or give themselves the other? No; the house is their parent's gift; and their purse the share awarded them in the division

of property between their brothers and sisters : and besides this share, they have the luck to possess the house ;—it is right they should have something to repay them for the ill-will engendered in their relatives, from being thus distinguished before them. And here is the first link of the chain forged that is to weigh them down, crush their hilarity, and prove a constant millstone to their real ease and comfort.

“ But what is to be done ? ”

“ Throw it up,—off.” The very idea creates a smile ! it is too ridiculous even for the eye to rest upon, or the mind to take in ;—it is put aside merely with a smile ; and the question is again asked, “ What is to be done ? ”

“ Break up your establishment — throw off your load.”

“ Impossible ! *What*, I ask, is to be done ? ”

“ Why, take my advice.”

“ It were as easy for me to take the rock of Gibraltar.”

And so it seems. But let all those pause,

and reflect, who are in the predicament which we have so slightly sketched,—for we take our picture from those who are amiable, and who have been quit of evil desires, and not from those hells in this nether world, where vice and profligacy bring ruin to a family. But let all reflect the *ruin is the same*, from whatever source it springs; and the unkindness of the world is the same. There may be some redeeming point in your own view of the case; but with every looker on, there is none. Never dream of such a thing; be prepared to be classed with the most abject of the low;—a pickpocket, a less guilty creature!—you have run through your fortune, have you? then look to it.

But is there no balm in Gilead? Yes, in the secret hold of your own conscience. But even this, in the ruthless way the world has opened your eyes, will tell you, you might have acted otherwise than you have done;—that you have countenanced expenses you knew, or might have known, could never be paid;—that you

have been a coward—that you have feared your husband's black looks—that your serenity has been disturbed,—your tongue tied, by seeing his back hunched up; and that you have, in consequence, let things pass which ought to have been dissected and discussed between you. You remember you have said, “anything is better than a quarrel.” But now you find that anything is *not* better than a quarrel. You have preferred ease, when the riot act ought to have been read; and now you see the gipsey's prediction is proved true;

“ Oh, slumber, my darling !
The time it will come,
When your sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum.”

And not the most harmonious drumming in the world ! Ravenous wolves are now waiting, that had you taken them in time, might have been polite and even pacified;—trouble has been delayed, and put off; but it has become none the lighter for the keeping.

How long such a story as this might run on ! How well by many would it be understood ! The straining every nerve to keep the secret from the world, that we are poorer than we seem ; that our house and grounds (our worst foes) are yet the best part about us ;—and all this, with Paul Pry proficiency, the world knows well ; and laughs, *dans la barbe*, to see us esteem that we kept it so cleverly to ourselves. And it is for this world's praise that we endeavour to seem greater than our means ; not for our own satisfaction, this is distinctly expressed and understood every day ;—a secret confession ;—a regular catholic tapping at the heart, —“ *mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*” And the fervent words uttered, “ Oh, how I wish we could leave this place !”

“ And why not ?”

“ A thousand reasons !”

And these reasons, whose name is Legion, all connected with the world ;—that thankless world, which for a *bonne bouche*, and a little

excitement in its morning talk, would have no objection to hear you were permanently settled in the Union.

“ Well, but what is to be done ? ”

Emancipation. Have but the resolution to allow the Fates—those flinty hearted women !—to cut the strings which tie you down, and the thing is done ; and from that very moment the heart, like a balloon filled with gas, rises at once from this world of woe. One struggle, as with the nightmare, and the thralldom is passed ! Lay but the axe steadily to the oak, and see how soon the ground is cleared ! and in its place, hilarity and joyous ease, will spring up instead. If new cares arise, the old ones you knew so well—the very dress and appearance in which they would come—are all left behind : and besides it is some time in a new place before your care finds you out. You have lost the anticipation of the post,—that exciting moment ! for you know not the precise hour in which it comes ; and when it does, your spirits are better

equal to receive it, and you wonder how pain, nay, even pleasure, should have cost you so much; for even if, for old acquaintance sake, care looks in upon you now, it falls on a macadamised ground, instead of the slough of despond.

Away from home—in a new place—you have no time exactly to attend to it. “I will care,” you say, “I will fret, but I must look at that strange thing that is passing first.” So though it is true it is but deferred—*non è che differito*,—yet still there is ever some strange thing presenting itself that may still put it off.

“And faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.”

If pondering on cares did them good, we are for facing the foe, and would say, ponder on. But, alas! we know it does not; the mind weakens, and the evil grows stronger. No; there is nothing like shifting the scene for the peace of mortal man, aye, and of woman too;

she who, at home, like a mill-horse, or the sentry in Braham's favourite duet, for ever

“ Walks her lonely round,”

and who thinks it is the duty she owes her family to kill herself by inches, will soon feel the relief it is to escape from the swell mob of “ country-place ” comforts, which so dexterously pick the pocket of all the ready money. She will find, if she persevere, as *mildly* as she may, how soon her mate will see that she is right;—with the prospect before him of relief, how readily he will take a different view of things, and, like Gulliver, will learn to laugh at the puny cords which tie him down.

“ I am sick of all this,” he will say twenty times a day, “ let some one else take the load, with all these lazy servants on his back.”

“ And the weeds, and the lounging gardeners looking on, as if leisurely watching how they grow, or speculating whether or no they

shall take them up,—the kitchen door their club-room.”

“And then the cider and the beer! and their charming hospitality whenever a friend comes in! It is disgusting in the stables to see the waste of hay and corn! a stranger’s horse, it seems, can never eat enough. I wish they had to pay for it, that’s all!”

“Well, my love, you will have done with it soon.”

“And a good thing too! all I can say is, the sooner the better!”

“All I can say is, the sooner the better!” And this in many cases must be consent enough.

“There’s warrant in the theft,
Which steals itself, when there’s no mercy left.”

Once let the conviction be perfectly made up, the mind thoroughly assured that to *act* is right, and the means and mode of delivery is certain to present itself:—there is a ram in the

thicket for all who act honestly and true to their better conscience.

“ But how shall we leave these sylvan scenes ? how tear ourselves away from these our household gods ? ” As thy day is, so is thy strength. We look on, and our heart turns sick at the strait it has to pass ; we do not foresee that, as in the last scene of a melodrame, the bustle and confusion of the *dénouement* makes that pass merrily which would otherwise hang heavily on our hearts and hands. As the final moment comes, still are there a thousand things yet to be done. There are few who have the art of being ready before the time ; so that the pathetic is lost amid the bustle of preparation,—and here is one giant killed ; we sink into the carriage corner, not to cry, but to rest,—to thank our stars that for a time our work is finished. And then we think of the paradise we have quitted ; but it is only to be sure there is nothing left behind—nothing omitted to be done.

Will you go back—for you have paid all—

and unpack, and begin at home again? No, not for worlds! The mind is in a fit state for the on—on—on! A clearance has been made, servants discharged, useless hoards and *live lumber* has been sold, bills cashed up. And now let us hear what you regret? For ourselves, we tell you candidly, we grieved for nothing but our little hack pony, and our beautiful cows; so handsome in their kind, that they are sure ever to remain in good hands; but we speak the truth—(for the dogs are brought with us)—of all we have left in that paradise of sweets, we have no sigh to give, but for our little hack pony, and our beautiful Guernsey cows. So see, after all, how moderate we are in our desires! and that it is the *mind which makes the idol*, and not the reality of things. Yes, this was our regret,—our frolicsome pony, and our meek and peaceful cows!, creatures which the most humble cottager might have!

“One touch of nature makes the world of kin.”

And there is no nature in lounging sofas, soft carpets, and all things clean : Nature is the dirtiest drab in Christendom !

“AND now you would know whither we have bent our course? Whenever a move is about to be made, every one has some pet place to recommend; but our minds have for a long while been made up;—cheapness of living, and cheapness of education, are the two points we have in view, and these, in full blow, seem to be presented at *Guernsey*.

“But why not Jersey?” says one; “you will find that a much prettier place.”

“Yes, but the college.”

“Aye, aye, I forgot the college.”

“You are going to Jersey, I hear?” observes another.

“No,—Guernsey.”

“Then you are right; far preferable to Jersey; the latter is a cow-feeding place, comparatively speaking. In Guernsey you will have

the best society, the best education for your boys, and the best of everything."

Another comes in—"You are going to Jersey, I hear?"

"No,—Guernsey."

"Aye, Guernsey. It is a very, very nice place."

"The living very cheap?"

"In some things: grocery, wine, and fish; but in other articles of consumption you will find many parts of England much cheaper in the end."

"Yes; but then you must seek out some hole and corner apart, and bury yourself at once to arrive at it."

"Devonshire is cheaper. You will be disappointed in the Channel Islands, if you expect anything but picturesque rocks, high tides, strong currents, and a liberal allowance of fog. It is hard to say what is good for man in this world, but England is certainly better than Guernsey, and Devonshire cheaper."

"You think so? But then we *are* in Devon, and want change; besides, think of the expense of education in England."

“ That’s very true ; therefore if education be your object, you cannot go to a better place than Guernsey ; though I caution you that you will find meat dear—English mutton eightpence a pound—butter dear—bread dear.”

“ But then the tea ! Excellent tea one and eight-pence the pound, loaf sugar five-pence, and wine a shilling a bottle !”

“ You can get wine cheaper than that. Yet, for all this, you will find Guernsey a dear place ; and besides, they are extortioners, and will take you in right and left, by asking more than they mean to receive for a thing.”

The mind is not easily turned, when it has once made itself up. It was plain the man had a sinister motive in keeping us from Guernsey ; so I immediately turned a deaf ear to all he had to say, and took a malicious pleasure in resolving, in my own mind, to carry out my plan, if only to contradict him.

Another friend comes in, and opens at once on the subject of our move.

“ You are going to Guernsey ? You’ll find things ridiculously cheap.”

“ You like it ?”

“ Oh yes ; how can it be otherwise ? A delightful place !”

“ And you ?” turning to her daughter.

“ No ; I never was more miserable than when I was there, in all my life. But then we only remained for six months, and did not visit.”

“ Delightful !” still ejaculated the mother.

“ Detestable !” still persisted the daughter.

Thus are we, on many points, forced at last to decide for ourselves ; and our decision has, for some time been, to settle for a while in Guernsey.

Now, my friend, let me ask you, who knows anything “ really and truly” touching this island of Guernsey ?

“ Where the molten silver

Runs out like cream on cakes of gold ;

And rubies

Do grow like strawberries.”

We are told the island *is* in the channel ; it is carefully dotted in the map,—a few insignificant

specks to denote that there lies, as it were, an Archipelago of our own,—rich in its bright green isles,—readily within our reach ! And because it *is* within our reach we stretch out our minds, our desires, and our purses, and coolly pass it by. For who has ever visited these abodes of plenty and of peace, save Inglis, and a few others, who have taken on themselves to write their opinions in consequence. Now, to my idea, a guide-book is the driest bit of dust in the literary world !—it is always dirty without, and dull within ; for unless you have been at the place it describes, and know it as well as the book can tell you, the mind is too opaque to be edified, or to understand. Besides, there is a prejudice in being pestered by those whose interest it seems to bring you to their shores ;—we settle at once that all they have to say upon the subject is, no doubt, a decided take in ; so we turn over the leaves as we would the catalogue of a sale, and have no idea of being included in the bargain. Thus, then, we ever remain in the most lamentable confusion concerning these isles ; for with

us Guernsey and Jersey are the same ;—ever ringing the changes to manifest that we are not so ignorant as we seem,—yet invariably naming the one for the other,—always in the wrong. There is nothing to be learned from books which profess to be our guides ;—a map gives too much scope to the imagination,—or plunges us at once into a deep—an unfathomable sea. Experience is, then, the only pilot worth following ; experience bought—aye, and paid for, too,—for it is a ruthless creditor !—experience, I say, is the only rule to go by.

But what has all this to do with one who is wiser than the children of light ? Indeed, I do not know ; unless it be we must direct our lucubrations to those who will understand them. Voltaire told his friend who addressed his book to posterity, that it would never reach its address. For ourselves, we will attend to no such churls, but in fearless faith write on. Take, then, our endeavour, such as it is ; and like a cast-off cloak of which the use is done, if ever you would go to Guernsey, put our experience on.

WE sailed from Devon—sweet Devon! in the *Ariadne*, on the —— of —— 1844;—found the steamer at Topsham—walked over the plank—and finally felt ourselves on board—went below to secure our berths—took leave of those, whom nothing but sudden and urgent business would have kept from us—and in a very short time felt the vessel in motion,—or rather, saw the objects on land calmly gliding away, as we looked through the cabin-windows.

Nothing is more beautiful than the scenery on the banks of the Exe!—the castle, and the woods of Powderham on the one side, Sir Trayton Elliot Drake's (late Lord Heathfield's) on the other! but we were like children eager for a fair; our tears soon dried, and our hearts leaping

on before our bodies; and even whilst waiting off the beautiful coast of Torquay, (where we put in for passengers,) and viewing the mosaic-like painting of the cliffs, we were restless to be away. With Tor Abbey and its woods before us, and cottages dotted among the rocks, seeming to stare at us, with their gothic eyes, as much as ever we could stare at them; yes, we were still restless to be away;—invalids are impatient; and when the mind is made up, they must have this mind,—or die. The half-hour seemed an age! and we were weary by the time our chimney smoked, and glad to give our two dogs over to the cook's care, who was literally broiling in the paddle-box, and to descend to tea—a repast very comfortably spread in the cabin. The parting with our dogs was the first trying vicissitude of travel; nevertheless they were quite safe: but fancy the little Blenheim, with its silky coat, and Charlie, as gentlemanly, and, in the expression of his countenance, very like the monarch from whom he takes his name, and to whose

taste he is beholden for the admiration of his breed, "stowed away," as the cook called it, into a dirty hole under a dresser! We gave them a cloak, as a link of ourselves, to repose on, and told them we were not far off;—poor, dear things! their hearts were divided between the pain of separation and the smell of grilled meat;—but, as with all partings, the time was come. Some folks scoff at the affection that is felt and shown for dogs; but when they get into the heart, what is to be done? If thine eye offend thee pluck it out: but a dog never does offend thee; their forbearance and long suffering is worthy of imitation. "I wish you were married and settled in the country!" is the well known anathema a noble lord gave to his spaniel; we often wish ours were the same; but it is just the pettish benediction we would pronounce to a tiresome child—ours till death, or the time of such a settlement, removes it from our care:—we dote on dogs; and lead "a dog's life" from our friends, on account of it.

It was dark when our tea was done ; so after again seeing that our favourites were *quite* safe, another “ good night,” and an exhortation to lie still till the morning came, we went to rest ; some into the berths, and one upon the sofa that skirted the cabin. It was pleasant so to lie down ; knowing that the first, and therefore the most eventful day of our “ flit,” was done.

Sentiment in a berth at sea is quite out of the nature of things ;—it is as much as one can do, to keep from being sick ; but we were truly thankful and glad to look round, and to see that so far, even with the staff left at home, we were safe. One child in one bed, another in another, and the eldest upon the sofa ; the waves rocking her from side to side, as though she were in a cradle. The servants were not *exactly* with the dogs, and yet not with us ; but as they tucked us up, we gave them especial charge to take care of themselves ; and as servants are ever ready to do this, after they have seen to “ out people’s comfort,” no doubt they took pains to follow our directions.

It is not a pleasant thing to dwell, even in recollection, upon the time spent in a steamer's cabin;—the jar and the whiz! “Whirr! whirr! all by wheels! Whiz! whiz! all by steam!” the giddiness, and, to quote Shakspeare, the “queasy stomach;”—the tightness and heavy weight on the forehead—to say nothing of the evident defalcation of your “sea legs.” But the Eldorado of our wishes—our bright expectations was at hand! The stewardess told us we should reach Guernsey at six o'clock in the morning, and it was now broad day; so we arose, and arranged ourselves for the deck; reeled at once to the cook's *logement* for our dogs, and the meeting did our hearts good, if not our—sickness. They jumped and frolicked round us, as we led them forth; and, on reaching the upper deck, we perceived that Guernsey was in sight.

Here then was the haven of our hopes!—all we had ever fancied—all we had ever heard—was now to be dressed and decorated, crowned and brought forth in its own glowing colours!

Morning is always chilly ; and, in the way of other servants, she does a little of her day's work before she washes her face. There was a grey mist, which we all know does not improve either the beauty or the comfort of things ;—Guernsey looked shabby, raw, and cold-hearted ! but here we were, children, servants, and dogs ! —to say nothing of a most undue proportion of luggage. It certainly was no use to blight the few palmy moments that intervened between a lounge over the steamer's side, with idle and staggering forebodings ; it was better to laugh at one of the young party, who sat in his travelling-cap upon the seat, wrapped up in his cloak—he who had so merrily ran about the vessel the evening before—his face, now dirty and pale, looking placid and serious—the image of fine temper and sensible resignation.

And then the servants caught the attention ; anything was better than looking towards Guernsey. By their backs we knew they were suffering. There is an expression in the back, as well

as the face ; it tells one of surliness, sulkiness, sickliness ; and in theirs was the strong line of doggedly-endured suffering—"Thou canst not say *I* did it?" or if I did, I did it all for the best:—leaders of armies, and governors of families, need not be too tender in their consciences ; —like Hannibal, I had led my troops over difficult places ; and, like Buonaparte, I hoped to place them in snug winter quarters.

Aldernay, Herm, and Jedthou, all met our sight ;—then some awkward rocks ;—then Castle Cornet, standing in the sea. There was quite enough to occupy us ; besides the business of gathering our cloaks and shawls together, preparatory to leaving the vessel ; counting our luggage, congratulating ourselves as the chest appeared from below containing our plate ; and then our case of books:—oh, there was much to be thankful for ! And now the fees must be paid ; and the stewardess, who had been very attentive during the passage, was even now more attentive than ever. One pound each for grown-

up ladies and gentlemen ; children half price ; fourteen shillings each servant, and five shillings a-piece for the dogs. Steward, two shillings ; servants, one shilling ; tea, two shillings, servants, one shilling ;—this for each person. Cook, two shillings for the care of our dogs. Boatmen, ten shillings, for two boats, one for ourselves and one for our luggage,—and all this being arranged without any trouble, you now see us mounting the steps of the wharf. Oh, the clatter of porter's-drays, and hand-barrows ! There was nothing to laugh at, but an observation from one of the children, who said, as soon as he was on shore,

“ I had a headache on board, and now it is gone ! I think it already makes a change of air ! ”

God help him ! there was change enough, from the peace of our late quiet home ! And collecting the little party together on some steps, out of the way of the carts, to look at them was to see them as a poor flock of sheep, we had brought

over in the packet with us;—their wool dirty, their faces pale, and in my own breast a very unsettled anticipation of the advantages to come.

But we had a friend at hand, who gave us the comfort of support: we had come alone, from the adverse arrangement of things; yet we were not in a strange land by ourselves; and although there is much to do, which can only be done by oneself, yet still it is cheering to know that there is one on whom we may depend, standing by to look on. And a petrifying look on it was, if seen with the eyes in which we saw it! What we had fancied Guernsey, I had hardly time to think; but nothing could be more distinct than this fancy, and the reality of St. Peter's Port. Yet had we just sense enough at hand to know, that this was our own fault;—that there St. Peter's had stood, as it were from before the flood, in its pride of ages! its houses hanging on the hill, like a regiment of soldiers, the one before the other;—the forlorn hope first. “Mrs. Dad-

son's Boarding House ;" " Gardener's Hotel ;"
" Steam-Packet Office ;" " Temperance Coffee-
House ;" " Chop House ;" " Hot Baths ;"
" Marshall's Hotel ;" " Rope Store ;" " Billiard
Room ;" " Beer, Cider, and Ship's Cooking ;"
" Three Tuns ;"—all blazoned out in large letters
on the walls. Where was our Utopia—the fo-
reign shore, among all this downright vulgar
English ? There was, alas ! nothing but all
this, and the " Three Tuns" to respond to us,—
" Where ?"

I think I had fancied Guernsey as a pretty
bathing place ;—an improvement on some of
the romantic nooks of this sort we have in
England ;—I believe the grape was to have fes-
tooned its branches till it touched the trans-
lucent wave. It was very foolish — but so it
was ; and if this is " a caution to sinners" who
let their imagination run riot before the truth
of things, there may be some good done ;—and
yet it is hard to be hung up like an old hat,
to scare away young and silly birds, from

touching upon things that were better let alone ! I wish you could have seen us on the quay ! the smile upon the lips to cheer the young party on, and the sick dull feel that was gathering at the heart. And all had been so ably planned ! The person waiting whom we had employed to take a house. And then the long face, and the explanation that the house she had written about, and wished to secure was gone, before she had given her answer ; but she had met with other lodgings. My poor little sheep ! any fold was better than none ; so we mounted step after step, up a steep flight of stairs, sending the servants round with the luggage, which had been packed into a cart from the boat by the porters, each carrying a brass badge on his left arm, and forbidden to touch any passenger's luggage or effects without his leave ; they, therefore, stand by the wall until they are engaged ; merely looking with the most insinuating address, and naming their number ; doing more than this, subjects them to the

penalty of a suspension from their badge. This prevents all confusion ; and we soon found ourselves in a narrow street of most French-like appearance, — the High Street of St. Peter's Port ! The shops were charming to look at for a morning's lounge ; *living* among them could never have entered a Christian's head. Nevertheless our

“ Thais led the way,”

and positively turned into the private door of one of them,—stating that these were our lodgings. It would not do to protest against them in the street ; and besides the luggage, like an avalanche, was about to shower upon us. To laugh was as bad as to cry ; we did neither ; but ascended with the little stock of good sense left, to look at the rooms ; found they were not so bad ; that they would do till better things should come, and that at twenty-five shillings a-week, there was no harm done in immediately taking possession. Yet could I have said,

“ O friend ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress.”

The sea-sickness was nothing in comparison to the sick responsibility feel at heart ! and yet to have followed instead of *led*, would have been to have extracted the humorous out of the unpleasant, and to have made merry to our own heart's content. As it was I felt answerable for the untoward turn which things had taken ; and cast a contrite glance around to see how the matter stood. No, there was no-harm done ! I saw there was nothing but wonder in the children's and servants' faces ; and at this rate, the more they had to wonder at the better :—at all events there was no complaint made ; and which had we chosen to have attended to it, might, perhaps, have been the sharpest reproof of any. But the breakfast was soon spread ; hot rolls, (dainties forbidden at home) and excellent tea, two shillings the pound ! butter, looking the colour of bees-wax, and cream seeming quite a decoction of buttercups. And then the windows,—French windows upstairs opening on balconies,—how strange it all seemed to the

young country folks ! and then the passers by—and the opposite shops ! it was all new,—all delightful ! and the drooping spirits rose with each merry laugh and exclamation.

And then the dinner must be ordered, which we found anticipated for us, in our strangeness, by the good people of the house. “ And when the pie was opened,” the cover taken off, fancy what met our gaze,—we, in the spirit of our economy ? an *English* leg of mutton, *eightpence* the pound ! Was it for this we had risked our precious lives in crossing the channel,—quitting our own dear sheep, who only valued their legs at five pence halfpenny, to meet them again, thus risen in price, in a foreign land ? There was, alas ! nothing to set against this, but that we got three ounces more to the pound ; and besides the exchange of English money in our favour ; appearing as though they were paying us for spending our money among them.

All this was brought forth “ to the rescue,” but it was in verity a catching at straws, for

here the advantage ends ; they give francs, it is true, but charge everything by shillings and sixpences, pounds, and even guineas ; whilst in making a bargain, they will take you unawares, by stipulating for “ English money,” which is so many francs in their favour. We at first took it as a compliment to our coinage, made our best courtesy, and had to pay for our vanity.

In France it is different. There the franc counts as a shilling, the half franc the sixpence, the livre the pound ; and therefore there is an advantage gained. But in Guernsey *everything is English* ; and whatever benefit there may be in being so near France, it is reserved for the Guernsey people. Everything you deal with—everything you do, is after the English manner ; —the shops are all English,—the placards are all English,—the people all speak English,—a little foreign accent alone explaining they are not. But their manner is French ; the same politeness,—the same careless grace ; whilst their “ Yes, ma’am,” “ Pleas’ you, ma’am ?” and their

“ welcome,” when you thank them for their trouble, is indeed very captivating.

There is also something very benign in the expression of their countenances ; and they are fond of seeing their likenesses in neat picture-frames hung around their walls. Every lodging-house you enter has the heads, nay, even the little tails of the family decorating their sitting-rooms ; the men’s visages sunk between very high and hyper-clean-looking white shirt collars, staring as though they were strangling, or, like Macbeth, ashamed to think of what they had done ; the children with most resolute squints, the ladies with their hair *bien coiffée*, and their dresses gracefully *décoltée*. I think this used to be the custom of England in the olden time, when the limner travelled the country ? but the labourer has now no time even to see himself in the glass ; much less to be drawn and quartered in effigy.

IN the hasty survey round our rooms, the supporting idea was, that we could leave them the moment we were rested ;—but here we are still.

“ He that has light within his own breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day.”

And so we find it. We have but one regret that we are not *all* here.

“ Action is transitory,—a step—a blow,—
'Tis done ; and in the after vacancy
We wonder at ourselves.”

But our apartments are clean, — the rooms good,—the people of the house exceedingly civil, and ourselves, all things considered, as merry as larks. What need is there to leave them, until the week is ended ?

And our housekeeping is, as it were, brought on the drawing-room table, settling for all we have had with the housekeeper every morning,—and which makes the expenditure seem awful indeed ! so much so, that after we have paid all,—for our own *fancies*, (not wants,) we dare not touch a shilling. And this puts us in mind of what Archdeacon Paley has said, “ Nothing is such a check upon the imagination, as *paying ready money*.”

Now this, in the place where we have lived for years, is scarcely possible. If there is an account open, and it is not easy to get on at home without an account being open, a mistake is sure to arise if you pay and have credit also ; —and besides in England it looks strange, and anything but *comme il faut*, in a place where you are known, to pay for things as you have them ;—it is an etiquette among the trade to have you on their books ; they know what they are about, and so make their advantage :—therefore when we say it is cheaper to live abroad,

we mean to infer that it is better to have no credit.

And yet there is a pride in the heart of man, that likes to be trusted. His honesty is offended if an article is brought, the bill of which is expected to be settled. Does the seller take us for a cheat? He shall have none of our custom for the future. So we pay the bill in a huff, and have done with the uncivil trader. And besides, in all the tales of life we read, we are wound up, screwed down, to the impression that nothing looks so like ruin, as a bill stopping the way to be settled. We know little of such impertinent bills in our present era of ease, credit, and refinement.

In a strange place this suavity cannot be expected. And yet when we find it, we take the compliment to ourselves, and the old leaven works up; and we think, "How did we look that the man should so have depended on our honesty? very like the gentlewoman, no doubt!" and we deal with that man again. And this is

pride and vanity ; and to owe money is a natural inclination,—a bill on trust,—a debt on credit with his Satanic majesty. And we need not be in much worse hands ! it is the snare by which the tempter inveigles the tempted, and lures him on to sin and to destruction.

BUT here we are sixty miles from home ! Nothing to count them by land, but it is a wearisome voyage by sea, and a craven fear will creep in the mind when we know that we *must* pass this ordeal again before we can be in England. Guernsey is about thirty miles in circumference ; its extreme length nine miles and a half, its breadth between five and six. You will laugh, and say with poor Liston, " I got this all out of Guthrie's grammar." *N'importe* ; the statement I give is correct, though it sounds small ; yet confined as the island is, we have never lost the idea but that England is at our back ; for there is little to undeceive as to the fact of not being in our own country ; and we have, as yet, reached no height by which we

may view the island round ; neither is it desirable that we should so view it, just at present. Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt by casting one look back ; the *allez toujours !* is sometimes a safer maxim ;—to let old impressions wear out, ere we begin the new ;—and in the way of the weaned child, to hide our motherland from us until we become reconciled.

And there is no likelihood at present that we should so see the country, for the weather is too warm to walk far, and we are still writing in our *logement* over the shop, hemmed in with houses, just taking a bird's-eye view of the people as they pass in the street, and planning the attempt of explaining our thoughts to you.

And what are these thoughts ? Why, that we are to a surety not so well pleased with Guernsey as we had expected. The excitement—the froth—the whiff—of our trip is passed,—we are come to the main stuff ;—and truth bids us to confess that we find it, thus far, *Englishly* flat, *Englishly* *fade*, and *Englishly* disappointing ;—admitting

at the same time that this may be the fault of an imagination *trop forte*; or perhaps the feeling we have is the recoil,—the penalty of being of too hasty a temperament—too quick—to await the consequence of remoter things.

But, as we have said, to be an invalid *is* to be impatient—a sort of “now or never” case; not *sat cito, si sat bene*; but, well enough, if *quick enough*,—live, if we go,—die, if we stay. The fashionable term *monomania* may explain the disease better than I can.

“Wings have we, and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure.”

But it *must* be as *far as we can go*; and those who are not ready, with every due respect, must e’en stay behind. The troubled mind has quarrelled with this nether world, and like a bird would roam through the air, *spiaggia, spiaggia*, as the Italians say, and so leave care behind. When grief has come, and the *crush* of the heart has been borne, and the first fever of sorrow is

gone,—then it is we turn from those scenes that have ere this been to us, as it were, a heaven. We find now the spot is too joyous, that it smiles in mocking gladness upon us, in spite of our forlorn look, our sombre mourning dress ; and we close our eyes as coming from the dark to such vivid brightness—such gairish, unfeeling light. Every retrospect in the place that will not mourn with us in our changed state, and yet knew us in our happier days, must be sad ; but with no help from visible things, the *healthful grief* will try to mend itself,—to outwardly mend ;—as it were to have let the dart well in, there to sink, and then to be *seen* no more ;—that

“ Sad remembrance *fondly kept* !”

and which we cannot be said *to keep*, if betrayed and spent on every occasion.

Then it is we set about mending that cobweb kind of thing called human happiness ;—it is to be patched, tinkered, and re-done up. And how can this be done, where everything we see, and

which sees us, looks in upon the wound? Doctor Johnson talks of “the idleness of grief.” He must mean the stunning of a blow that will not be aroused;—the attempt, very like telling a man who has broken his leg, to get up and walk. Heaven be praised! there is a time for this;—as the Psalmist says, “a time for all things.”

Let, then, the poor stricken deer await this time;—for as we, who have gone through “the dark valley” can testify, with the *healthful grief* it will come; and, as the bruised flower, will seek again to hold up its head, even though its brightest—fairest dew-drop—is brushed away and gone!

Such is the strange jumble of strength—of weakness—and of firm resolutions, even though of short comings in their execution. Yet the time speeds on, and winter passes away; and the first note of returning spring will be, “Oh, that I had wings like the dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!”—a merciful road directed to us by

Providence, to spare us from dwelling too much and too long on things passed and gone.

Thus, then, it becomes the grand philosophy of life to *feel* when to mourn, and to *know* when to smile. And the more readily to effect the transition, *change of place* is the best means to have recourse to. If we bring our grief with us among strangers, there is no one to talk to it,—no one to understand it ; it is a thing known only to ourselves, and we sacredly—silently—keep our secret. So it is held apart. And here is the first step gained of returning serenity.

And what is the next thing we do ? Why we look round on our new position and find fault with everything we see. “ It is so strange ! ” we say ; not recollecting that this is the precise thing we wanted. Thus do the tides of our temperament still ever ebb and flow, and we grudge the meed of praise to all we meet, because it is not exactly such as we have left, or what we have expected.

In this morbid, or rather *rabid* state, there

is little to be done in teaching abstract rules. It is a strange *mélange* this life of man ! tossed up and down, as it were, on a sea of circumstances,—now too rough—and then too smooth ;—ready to wish, to want, and to sow ; yet ever averse to reap the advantage, or with a thankful heart to acknowledge the bounty. “ As the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust.”

We look up as we conclude our remarks, and find this very Guernsey, and even the lodgings over the shop, not half so bad as we had decided at the beginning of our letter. The master of the mansion smiles encouragingly upon us, with his usual self-satisfied look, out of his smart gilt frame,—with a complexion of rich red and white, such as a Vampire bat might be supposed to have had, after levying his nightly contributions on his neighbours,—and this, set off and contrasted, by well-cultivated hair, forming a sort of framework to his countenance. His partner, in

her two characters,—*en Amazone*, as the rich man's wife,—a massive chain around her neck,—a rich handle to her whip,—glossy curls glistening in the glory of her early day's sun ! And yet does this sun set by degrees—still glimmering in the west, e'en before it is night. See her again in the demi-fortune frame, the companion to her present mate ! the remains of gentility still there—the joyous smile, though tempered a little of its force, in that pleasure-giving face ! — the curls of that rich brown hair,—something tamed by the present state of things,—yet the pretty pampered woman still is to be seen :—the blue silk dress, the coral necklace, and the pendants in her ears. And then see her in her shop below !—and mark how suddenly we go down, when we make *one false step*.

All this is something to amuse, and a theme on which to ponder ;—and besides the canary bird is singing a merry nightingale-sort of note ; the *bouquet* on the table, “ ambrosially smelling,” —telling its own tale of sweets.

. . . " And soon her strain
The nightingale began ; now loud
Climbing in circles the windless sky—
Now dying music ; suddenly
'Tis scattered in a thousand notes.
And now to the hushed ear it floats
Like field smells known in infancy."

Yes, as I have said, each flower in our bouquet,—*bought in the market*,—brings with it its own soft tale of by-gone things. In nature there is but one book, read it upside down, or downside up, even as you will ;—a book in the bountiful mercy of her gifts, open to all, in which those who run may read. So if the street does not smell so sweet, (which is no child of hers,) let us, as Isaac Walton says, " put on patience," and learn to like Guernsey better ; at all events amuse ourselves for the few short months we are here ; and then, when the Ariadne takes her last " flit" ere the winter sets in, we will flit home again with her :—the " bock again" of Sawney when he found himself in a scrape,

was not the worst lesson the Scotch have ever taught us. To-morrow we will give you some fuller descriptions of Guernsey.

THE shape of the island is nearly that of a triangle, raised to the south, and shelving down to the north. The coast is intersected by ravines running into small sandy bays, which separate the cliffs. On the south there are but few detached rocks, but in all other directions the approaches to the island for a mile or two out at sea, are beset with many dangers. The harbour is safe and good, and in the heaviest gales the vessels are in perfect security; and its lying directly in the track of navigation from the southern to the northern parts of France, enabling it to be turned into a source of annoyance in war, it is no wonder that on many different occasions the French have evinced so earnest a desire to get possession of the place, and of the neighbouring islands.

On the north-west side is a small bay, called Le Grand Havre, looking out into the channel, so admirably fitted by nature for a harbour, that as early as the times of Charles II. the British government formed an intention of constructing there a basin for large ships of war, and, indeed, sent an engineer to make a survey of the spot. But, as Camden informs us, the work was never executed, owing to the impoverished state of the exchequer. “How glad,” he says, “would the French have been to have owned one such place between Dunkirk and Brest; and how little would they have considered any cost, to have rendered it fit for their purpose.”

About twelve miles from Guernsey lie the casket rocks, with a depth of water round them of thirty fathoms deep, and these so steep and the sea so clear, that a line-of-battle ship might safely pass alongside the greater part of them. There is now a lighthouse, which prevents the awful destruction of life and property that used to occur. I thought of Prince William as I passed, and of Mrs. Hemans' lines,

“ There stood proud forms around his throne
The stately and the brave,
But what could fill the place of one, —
The one beneath the wave ?

“ Before him passed the young and fair
In pleasure’s reckless train ;
But seas dashed o’er his son’s bright hair,
He never smiled again !”

What a bankruptcy of joy is expressed in those few words, “ He never smiled again !”

The rock upon which the lighthouses are built, rises about thirty feet above the level of the sea, and the tops of the lanterns about sixty. The three towers are placed triangularly, and are connected by walls forming an area, which contains a plot of ground on which a few vegetables grow, in soil carried from Alderney. The keepers are persons also from that place, at a salary of fifty pounds a-year. A store of provisions, sufficient to last them for some months, is landed on the rocks towards the close of the summer ; and should their stock run low, or

medical aid be required, they communicate with Alderney by lighting a fire on the rock.

I have heard of a man giving up his trade in a back street in London, and taking office in the Eddystone lighthouse that he might "see the world." But the Eddystone seems, even in its desolation, a perfect Bond Street and Hyde Park, in comparison with the Caskets. In the long and stormy nights in winter, it is no unusual thing for wild fowl, attracted by the light, to dash themselves against the glasses, and to be taken up dead the next morning. What a wind-fall for the residents ! I remember once walking in Windsor Park,—in the private walks,—long, long ago, and a pheasant rising suddenly before us. It was under a large beech tree ; the branches intercepted its flight ; struck its head, and it fell, as though it were shot, dead at our feet ; there it lied, and there we stood, like mourners at a funeral. But the spirit soon changed into a yoick forward !—we are in at the death ! And though it was as much a

treason as appropriating "the King's fallow deer," the game was soon buttoned up in our brother's coat pocket,

———"his head under his wing,
Poor thing!"

and a dainty meal we children had of it the next day ; tasting as sweet, no doubt, as they say stolen pleasure tastes, or as the wild fowl off the Caskets.

The island of Alderney is but seven miles from France ; and we view from here the head-land of Cherbourg in the distance. "Look at it, my children, for you see the coast of France !" They look at it accordingly. But children have a very different idea of things desirable to see, than rests with us adults ;—a penny peep-show would have many more claims on their attention, than the whole country of la belle France can offer. It is that we must know, and feel, what has therein passed, to make it of interest. We look at a volcano, and pause and puzzle, and

ask—what next? We look at France with the same feverish anxiety—draw our children under our wing, and ask, what next?

I rail against the indifference they display, at the same time that I am equally careless as to Alderney and Serk. For Jethou, or Jeddo, one can patch up a little bit of interest:—it stands prettily, as a sort of *prima donna* would take her place, a something in advance of Herm and Serk; and is offered for sale at fourteen hundred pounds; and it is very well understood that twelve hundred would buy it. What a retreat is here for an English misanthrope—a René—who would carry off his chosen, where none could worship but himself—a distant land—far away from all—but the one creature loved! I would transcribe what Chateaubriand makes his hero say; but, alas! I have left my book at home. There is some scholar talked of, who, because he might not follow a forbidden study, had his books all burned. And he laughed. They asked him why? And he replied, because he knew them

all by heart. This is better than with some readers, who never remember anything.

But this island—this resting place for love—at present belongs to a Mr. Allaire, a *mauvais riche*, as the French term a niggardly person—a bachelor of *arts* in the strictest sense of the word—keeping himself single till fifty. There is a large white house distinctly visible, surrounded by out-buildings and walls; the rest of the island has the close-shaven appearance of our south-downs; a charming place upon which to feed love—and mutton. There is no landing on the isle without first obtaining permission. It appears very sunny and bright as we see it in the distance; its brown hill rising majestically behind the single residence. I look at it, and wonder what we should do by ourselves so to live! I fancy we should do nothing but enjoy the sunny day, and the peaceful night. This shows how much we do for the world:—we work, sing, play—nay, read for the world.

Well, supposing we took this island, looking

as beautiful and bright as it does now, and there gathered together all the luxuries and comforts of life, that money and taste could give ;—I wonder how the affair would work ?—it would be at best but a hazardous expedient. We know not, as school-boys say, what we could stand—“ Can you stand that ? ” We cannot say. I look at it intently again ; but I cannot tell how I should like to live there—what would be the effect it might have. The followers of Bouddha, as told by Barrow, imagine that their souls, by passing through an infinite number of bodies, attain at length sufficient purity to be admitted to a state of *perfect rest* and quietude, which is the only idea of heaven they can form. Jethou seems to proffer a heaven of this sort : but I stand and gaze at it, and still ask myself *how* I should like it ?—and still am unable to give the answer.

P. S. Have just discovered through the telescope that the man at Jethou is not such a savage as distance had made him, or imagina-

tion fancied him ; for it seems a question, whether at low tide—very low—his island does not join Herm, which is rather a populous place in comparison. This changes the colour of things. A complete revolution in one's nature—a Rosamond's clue is opened to the world ; although one might start at the sight of a foot-print on the sand, with the same amazement as Robinson Crusoe.

P. S. Another look—Jethou I have now decided has “ no connexion over the way ”—none whatever with the other island.

STILL pent up amid the shops, and dying with the heat! the children losing another shade of their rosy colour every day ; yet still we are getting to feel more reconciled, and can suppose, that there really may be some people who might like to live in Guernsey : but then they must have left nothing behind them in England. The shops are good, and the streets—not dirty. The women are *very* pretty ; their faces of more *classic* form and feature than we meet commonly in England ; and they all dress well. The men are of a more clumsy material ; the beau is fat and foppish ; the family-man very like the pictures of Mrs. Trollope's Americans. There is much beauty in the children ; and an evident care is taken with their appearance, even among the lower orders ;

their hair is curled, and their clothes are in good taste ; and one is puzzled to know, when is this care given ?

The country women dress in the old English style,—a costume with us nearly worn out. But here is still to be seen the black mode bonnet, most elaborate in its build, and under it the neatly plaited cap : the quilted short petticoat, the short linen jacket for hard work, and the chintz gown, open in front, and drawn through the pocket-holes, for best ; they call it the Guernsey fashion ; but we remember, some *hundred and fifty years ago*, when the old gude gran'dam of the farm-house, wore this very self-same dress in England.

The market-women are picturesque in the extreme—moving figures of Cuyp !—seated between their panniers on their rough punchy horses,—their saddles a plaited mat,—their bridle a halter ; and when they speak French as they pass, it adds to the captivation of the picture. How little these people do with, in comparison to our

market folks at home! And yet how poor *we* are, with our leather side-saddles, our upper skirts to look like a habit, and our artificial flowers within side our bonnets, bringing out the blushes in our blowsy cheeks, with very shame at such folly. There is nothing of this here: and surely, after all, the grand secret of growing rich—the true philosopher's stone is—to do with this little.

There seems great innate order in every class; there are no police to be seen, and yet the streets are perfectly quiet; they seem to me to take a pride in behaving well, as children, put upon the *qui vive*, will often conduct themselves better than under the *espionage* of the sharpest ruler. It is surprising to hear how well they all speak English; the peculiar accent, as I have before remarked, alone proclaims that they are not so. They dress the same, and the manner in their shops is the same;—and this is rather provoking to those who seek a change; but to such as do not speak French, it must be of considerable ad-

vantage. In the country it is different: there the rustics reply to you in English as long as they can, and their skill holds out; then they turn off into their natural note, like a canary-bird that has been taught to sing; and when they come to the *Guernesiais*, “I vente un fier breeze agniet, au vous,” mixed, as you will perceive, with the English, “It blows a fine breeze to-day,” it is difficult to understand them. Indeed some of them talk French with the Devonshire dialect, for many here come from our west, and will tell you of *un grand lieu*, (loup,) whilst others have caught very much the Irish accent, from the soldiers, who have been quartered among them.

STILL at our *shop*, and even still more reconciled to Guernsey. The people of the house are kind, attentive, and polite, and seem so much to wish to keep us beyond our week, that were it not for the heat, and the children's *powdered* faces, I am certain I never should have the heart to leave them. Their manners are indeed very pleasing, and it is so pretty to hear them speak ! A little primeval-looking woman comes in, and says, " I tisturb you of your writing, my tear laty ! " And she shrugs her shoulders, and wrings her hands with all the *manière* of the French. And then she will explain herself with, " I says, says I ; " and you see in a moment that she has learned this from the vulgar English.

House-rent here is dear ; or rather in the pro-

portion we should give for the same-sized house in England ; but they never fail to remind you that there are no taxes. For forty pounds a year you would get a very good residence, with two sitting-rooms, and five bed-rooms ; an excellent garden full of fruit, and in a good situation ;—but then this is unfurnished ; be it understood, however, there are upholsterers, who will readily furnish, on hire. It is strange to see, when we know how much we are encouraged at home to spend our money in such sort of places, the little accommodation there is for strangers. There does not seem to me a house to be let, and even the notices of “ lodgings,” are as few and far between, as any chary angel’s visits. I talked of this matter to a young builder, who was showing me his father’s house—the one I have mentioned for forty pounds—and I asked him if they did not like the English ? He smiled. I wish I had waited for his answer ; but I added, with my usual quickness, “ Do you not like their money ?”

And to this he replied, “ O yes, we should

be very badly off if they did not spend some of it among us."

But this was no answer to my question ; neither can I give you the slightest idea as to the estimation in which we are held. Albeit, there are no houses to be had ; but they tell me that at Michaelmas many will be vacated.

Now, we had heard that rent here was high before we left home, but we never dreamed of the scarcity ; we fancied we should see houses, as we do at our watering-places, with their bills up in the windows, kindly inviting us to take them. In short, *I* was under the mystification of my own *beau ideal*, and, I suspect, nothing would have changed me. I had a great object to effect in the trial of change of scene ; and it seemed to me, the further we got from a place, where we had known anxiety and sorrow, the better. It required an effort—

" A long pull, a strong pull, and off we go !"

And we might never have been so courageous,

had we not supposed we were *to have wintered in Moscow*.

We leave it now for as urgent a reason ; it is too far from those who cannot remain with us ; and the risk is too great in coming backwards and forwards—it must be either all Guernsey, or all England. Yet we see, even in this short sojourn, that there will be much to regret in giving up this place as a residence ; yet are we sure it is, of two regrets, the best to choose. But to know there is such a land of rest—a new world,—yet keeping to the language and customs of the old, is not the worst page of our experience ; and in telling what I know, it is a satisfaction to turn *my travels* to account, and to serve as a land-mark to others.

THERE seems great indignation among the people, at even the suspicion of their “conspiracy ;” and they complain that it has kept many visitors from coming this summer among them, and has therefore interfered with their profit. They sneer at the bare accusation, as a good child would, if charged with being naughty : they had no idea of so doing ; and therefore they can laugh at the absurdity of the invention.

Their surmises, on seeing the troops approach their shores, are somewhat *naïve* and amusing. They thought the Queen was gone to the Isle of Wight, and that not being room there to receive or accommodate them, they were in consequence sent on here,

as to a sort of outpost. This was their supposition of the case, before they knew that they were suspected to be a disloyal race, and that these soldiers were sent to keep them in order. It was a curiously conducted thing altogether ; for the men who formed the expedition, did not know the purport for which they were brought. The poor fellows, as they landed, looked very vacant and simple ; and one asked, staring up at the windows to see that no insurgents were there to throw down the flag-stones upon them, and to crush them to atoms, “ Where’s the row ? ” It was like the Frenchman asking, “ Where is de mob ? ” Whatever row or mob there was, the soldiers could not understand it.

The *élite*, I find, are very reserved upon the affair ; or else have expended their ideas ; they will not talk upon the matter. Perhaps it is they like not to commit themselves or their opinions. This may be ; but I wish they would throw me a light upon the subject. From what we glean, and scanty are these gleanings, it seems the

high merely look upon the affair as a *monomania* of the General's—the low as a hoax. The General rides about everywhere by himself “ sans peurs,” if not “ sans reproche,” yet he protests he is afraid of being shot. The people are accused of gunpowder, treason, and plot ; they look simple and unconscious of the great offence, and seem to wonder as much at the accusation, as at the means taken to keep them in order. When we know more about it, we will tell you more ; but, no doubt, as you *do* read the daily journals, you are already perfectly enlightened upon the subject.

WE cannot unpack much more than a knapsack—a *valise*—until we are settled in a more suitable house, so we have not presented any of our letters of introduction : when we do, I suspect it will be a P. P. C. at the same time. We therefore have seen nothing, done nothing, but stroll about ; and again I must confess the finding so little country, is very disappointing to me. The Grange Road—the “cynosure of wandering eyes”—is best described by comparing it with the roads round London, leading to Walworth, Kennington, or Clapton ; the houses that skirt it of the true citizen build,—very handsome, very tasteless, and very formal. From this road branch off several others, all equally savouring of London smoke and cockneyism.

There is not a house here but I could find its fellow somewhere in England, all very near the sound of Bow bell ;—different degrees of houses, such as suit the Londoner well, who would breathe fresh air, according to the *strata* of his purse, beyond the Elephant and Castle. The island abounds with a fine granite stone, so that of this all the country foot-paths are edged, all the walls built ; and the houses,—nay, the cottages of the poor, are erected of this noble and substantial commodity ; the pigsties even looking as though built to stand a besiegement. Not that it is allowed to show its face in the Grange Road :—no ; here it is too common,—the stuff of which we build our noblemen's houses and castles ;—so they plaster it, and stucco it, use Wyatville's cement, rough cast it—anything to veil out the truth, that it is dug from the bowels of their land. It is strange we cannot prize or feel proud of the good things we are accustomed to—gifts of Providence near at hand !

The College is a beautiful building, quite a

model in itself; but it stands unique, and I see but one attempt to follow its pleasing example. I shall reserve my account of it until we have viewed the interior.

The most cheerful place we have seen is the new cemetery. It lies "high and dry," commanding a most beautiful view, and is, as the guide-book tells us, "worthy of a visit." The quantity of granite used in a noble flight of steps gives it an imposing appearance. I think the heart likes grandeur, even after it is dead, whatever it may say; and that we have none of us any objection to having a *frais* made in the depositing of our mortal remains.

A sexton was at work, raking the broad gravel walk, as we entered,—a Welchman, a man of such evident good sense and manner, that we felt proud of considering him a Briton. He seemed to take a pride in the place;—received us as he would his guests; spoke with a very distinct and assured air, and pronounced it a very "picturesque situation." He told us that during the

cholera, in which only ninety-nine people died, one man actually dug his own grave. For himself, he had entirely escaped it, though often obliged to draw back from the effluvia, as he cemented the one coffin from the other ;—for the bodies were packed so many together in one deep grave ; and there are stones placed against the spot, with the number interred, and the words, “ Malignant Cholera.”

There is a neatness, cleanliness, and uniformity in this cemetery, which makes it a desirable place in which to take one’s final repose. Many seem to have thought the same, for it appears several *lodgings* are secured ;—I mean there are *empty tombs* ready, beside the ones of relatives who are there, for those who are to follow after them. This *prévoyance*, I confess, appears to us strange. I can understand arranging it so that we know there is a place ready beside those we love, in the same mausoleum with them ; but to build, is like telling death too much of one’s mind. There, however, they are, with their blank stone slabs,

“ White and unletter'd still.”

It gives one the idea as though the carriage were waiting. Yet, as I have said, there is an air of cheerfulness in the whole place, that makes one contented under the supposition of being so placed, though in no hurry to have the grave bought, and the tomb ready:—a cheerfulness that does not extend to the new ground, a place set apart for a promenade, and where our cicerone told us, who had evidently learnt his speech by rote, “ the lovers of nature, with a book in their hand, might delightfully wile away an hour or two.” But the lovers of nature would be very much crossed in their passion, if they looked to find her in the new ground of Guernsey.

To the south of L'Hyvreuse is Castle Carey, a very elegant building in the castellated style, which, when viewed from a distance, has the appearance of being surrounded by a thickly-wooded park. And how is it that it does *not* stand in a thickly-wooded park? Is there something, only, in the air of

England that makes men restless till they are masters of all they survey ? A residence like this, with us, would have its suitable grounds ; here it is content to stand like a castle on a chess-board,—a knight for its next square neighbour. It seems, by their own statement, that the new ground was purchased by the inhabitants of the town in 1783 ; and this opens immediately upon Castle Carey ; from its front door, indeed, the amiable proprietor may step out upon the road. Will not therefore every Englishman ask, what was John Carey, Esq., about, that he did not buy it ?

But *le droit de plus forte*, does not appear yet to have crossed the sea to Guernsey ; they are here a much more moderate and unpretending race than we are in England :—primeval habits strike one at every turn. To meet a gentleman's carriage is quite an event in our walks ; yet the roads are exceedingly good, and that detestable stop-gap in England, a turnpike, is nowhere to be met with in the island. Instead of such

luxuries as driving about and taking their ease, marketing and dress seem to be their hobby,—the outside and the in ;—all the rest is, so far, “ leather and prunella.” We only write, remember, as *it seems* ; when we can contradict ourselves we will. They who will turn round and go home when they find that they are mistaken, will not scruple to confess that they have had reason to change their opinion.

STILL over the shop,—for the week is not passed. But, as I have said, there appears to be nothing to quarrel with but the closeness of the air ; all the rest is peace, quiet, and happiness. This peace was, however, yesterday disturbed by a quarrel between the master and the mistress of this our shop-residence. As is usual in such cases, it is hard to say who is right, whilst both are so evidently under the temporary wrong, of forgetting what is due to themselves and to others. It has, of course, been our table-talk ; and I see the females take the man's part, the males the woman's. To me it appears that there are faults on both sides.

The history of the combatants is a story often told,—an o'er true tale. A pretty and amiable

young widow, of that soft temper that is *sure* to be taken in—as well as her good jointure—fell in love with a handsome shop-keeper, though half of this jointure went from her at her marriage. But she had love instead, and that she thought did as well. And so it did, till failures on the husband's side, and the expenses of his family—for he had been married before—made such encroachments on her funds, that, at the time of which I speak, it seems she had made great sacrifices to help him out of his difficulties.

It was on a Sunday the *fracas* began. A riot of children screaming, and of things being thrown about. As we were, at the time, not all collected in one place, our fears were naturally excited the one for the other; and we assembled in the general sitting-room, with white faces, and the pinch of fear strongly developed at the point of our noses—to know what was the matter.

Seeing there was no accident, and feeling for the shame of those who had so disturbed our

tranquillity, and who had before treated us so well, I went down to re-assure them ; for they were owed something at our hands for their politeness and attention. The husband was on the point of ascending the stairs, and there were violent sobs issuing from the room behind the shop ; so I went in, asking, as a sort of introduction, “ What is the matter ? ”

The cousin replied, with all the action of a Madame Albert, “ My tear laty, it is between te husbant and te vife ! ”

I knew this, so I went in, and found “ te vife ” in the extreme of grief—her cap off—and the words she uttered were, “ He has struck me—he has struck me ! ” And then a long recapitulation of the kindnesses she had done, and the sacrifices she had made ; the *réfrain* ever returning, “ Oh, such a blow ! he has struck me ! he has struck me ! ”

All I could say, was, “ Well, if you have so done, let the satisfaction of well-doing support and content you.” But no ; she had not only

been of service, but she must upbraid him with it; and, after all, that he should have knocked her down—grasped her throat—and then to have crushed her against a wall! and all begun from his having bought a new hat the night before, and she had told him that he did not need it. Oh, it was too bad! was it for this that she had made such sacrifices!

To talk to her was as vain as reasoning with the waves of the sea, and waiting till their violence was stilled; and yet I had sat down before her, and had taken her hand. But nothing would do; her chest heaved, and she repeated, “Such a blow! I never, no, never did deserve it!” I soon saw that *I* could do nothing whilst her feelings were in this state; so I re-ascended, and took the husband in my way, who had sought shelter with our servants, on the floor on which we occupied, and was then with them in the kitchen.

I found him dressed with the utmost care; and though the new hat was not with him, it was

evident he was *un galant*, for his appearance was *soigneusement* attended to. It was plainly to be seen, as Gloucester says, that his good looks had done it,—“ ’twas thy beauty did it !” The dark hair formed a strong line of contrast with his fair waxwork-looking forehead,—his whiskers and beard finishing off, in the same perfect line, his well-formed nether features. He arose as I entered, made a very deferential bow, and then lounged back against the dresser, took out his segar from his mouth, and put me so completely in mind of a foppish and exceedingly handsome sort of a *Punch*—that saucy wight !—compared with the poor *Judy* below, that I smiled, and said, “ I hope you have put aside your anger, and are ready to tell your wife you are sorry for having been so unkind to her.”

Here there was a little murmur among the servants,—a “ La, ma’am ! Mr. —— did nothing.”

“ How ?” I said, “ I thought you had struck your wife.”

Here he smiled a very supercilious smile, yet still retaining his Punch-like independence,—this Punch, who I am sure, is hawked about our streets to warn young women from marrying.—

“ She says you struck her ? ”

“ *She* says so ! ” he scornfully replied, supported by a “ La, ma’am ! ” from the servants.

I felt in a moment that my Quixotism had been carried away, and that instead of the lecture and good advice I was prepared to give, I had merely to hear the explanation.

“ Then how is it ? ”

“ Oh, ver-ee leetle : she is chealous ! Dere is no-ting but dat ;—she is chealous ! ” And here he curled up his lip, turned up his nose, and threw back his head, with an expression of scorn that made me feel the cause “ ver-ee leetle ” indeed, that I had undertaken.

He arranged himself as an actor about to speak, and then continued,

“ She vill have tese fits for one—two—tree tays, and ten tay are gone.” He jerked his

segar to get rid of the embers, and with a careless sigh added, "Dere is no help!" throwing his head back at the same time, with a look which seemed to say, "If I am thus captivating, what is to be done? I cannot help it."

"He cannot help it!" was murmured by the servants.

I saw I was quite in the minority; so I said, "But you struck her?"

Here he had a regular stage-effect laugh, an effective "Ah-ah-ah!" and then he replied, with a dignified and collected manner,

"No, ma'am; excuse me; I tid not. I never lay my hand to a voman. To a *man*!" with a gruff voice, "it is different: but no; oh, no, no, no! not to a voman!" And then he looked so gracious, so bland,—it was all no wonder.

"Oh, it's no wonder!" was muttered all round by the servants. "No wonder! Mr. — has a great deal to put up with!"

It was evident there were two different stories.

In the little back parlour the suffering lady had been knocked down, her throat grasped, and she had been crushed against the wall. In the kitchen she had thrown a pewter jug at him ;— he had gracefully shaded his face with his hand, and put his head aside, and “ ten he had just held her town in her chair, tat she might not strike at him ;” and all this was said with such a smile of self-satisfaction, there was nothing left but the conviction that he was a very virtuous martyr of a man ; and she a fearful virago, in the jealous care she took of her husband.

Such a quarrel as this did not end here ; there was gossiping about it the whole day, and in the house a strong smell of brandy. It seems that the husband went off with his new hat, and his son, for the afternoon ; the wife retired to her apartment, and sobs were heard even in the rooms below her. At night the husband returned ; his bed, we suspect, the sofa in our sitting-room ; explaining it to the servants, by saying he dared not approach his wife. “ Me sleep vid her ! vy, she’d keel me !”

The next morning the wife went off in an omnibus for the day, taking the cousin with her, —“ my dear laty !” a clever little old woman, who being dependent on the husband, had learnt to keep her place very well between them ;—playing two parts. Saying before the wife,

“ You tevil ! you knocked her town, you tid !”
Before the husband, laying her fingers across,
“ ’Tis vill to it ! She is chealous ! Tere is noting else but ’tis—chealous !”

But there was not one word in all this, as to whether there was any foundation for this jealousy. The suspicion, however, and the effects had disturbed our tranquillity as well as the rest ; and it fixed us in the intention of seeking another abode. They were kind, attentive, and polite to the end ; and the wife said to us, with tears in her eyes, the day we left, and with the good breeding of better days,

“ I hope you will excuse me, but I can only say, in my regret at losing you, that I wish I had never seen you, or your amiable family.”

But our week was ended.

THE more we know of this place, the more we are surprised at finding it so perfectly English. I do not think any one who has not seen it is aware how much it is so ;—it is but a slice from the great cake—Britain. The town boys sing as they pass, snatches of our newest songs, and scold in downright English. We are obliged to set ourselves the task of understanding how many miles of sea is between us and our home ; we know it when we so settle it, but there is nothing we meet, excepting in some few things, to remind us of it ; such as their cans for milk are not English ; they are more like large tea canisters ; and their carts must be essentially French, for they always remind me of pictures of the Revolution, and the vehicle which bore

the poor victims on their course to the guillotine. There is nothing countrified—in our acceptation of the term—among the lower orders ; there is much more of the polish of our drawing-rooms. It may arise from the way they speak ;—the broken English,—or rather English with a peculiarly agreeable accent. This they talk also among themselves,—preferring it, it seems, to their own language—for scolding, or swearing, it is all the same ; everything is expressed in this broken English. If you ask them if they are French, they reply, “ Oh no, pleas’ you ! English.”

“ What, English ! really English ? ”

“ Yes ; English ; that is, Guernsey, pleas’ you.” But this is in the town ; in the country, as I have said, they make but a poor attempt at speaking our language.

WE have now taken a house on the Esplanade, —the best we can get. Two guineas a-week was asked as the rent ; it was more than it was worth, and certainly more than we had come to Guernsey to give : so we declined it. But the little woman, the proprietor, was in the High Street even before we were, and waiting in the servants' room to say that we should have it for thirty shillings. One look at the clear blue sea was worth the money ; so we took it ; and a delightful change it is, to feel the refreshing breeze after the faded smell of the streets ; to see Herm, Jethou, and Serk skirting the horizon,—to let the eye range the coast, with “ the perpetual round tower and the lofty Pharos, and the sunlit ocean weltering round them.”

Of a calm day, when the sea is still, keeping the eye to the boundary of hill furnished by the isles, we can fancy it very like the lakes in Cumberland. We have never seen them, but so we fancy it. To day there is a spirit in the wave, and it is frisky and frothy, tossing up its foam against the rocks which are so plentifully scattered around ; the little fishing-boats at anchor, dancing, as it were, for our pleasure and amusement, whilst the larger vessels seem frowning them down, as a chaperon would in a ball-room.

There is nothing so joyous as waves such as these, when the viewing it from the shore is all the intimacy you intend to indulge in. We have had the Fairy here, belonging to Mr. P—— of the Yacht Club, lying off with its raking masts, putting one in mind of the olden time,—the days of yore,—when I used so to sail about in a yacht for weeks and weeks together.

It is very delightful to roam in this way, like the *Roms*,—the gipseys,—up and down the

channel, carrying your own tin kettle with you ; —to awake in the morning where all is new, and yet find your dressing-case still in the same place. Happy, happy days ! I now look with envy from my window at the Fairy yacht ; and reflect how little we know of our *real* advantages whilst we have them. The bright sun only shines on the past and the future,—the present is enveloped in mist. Is this for good or bad ? I cannot say. You cannot say ;—but we all can aver, with Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, that whatever is, is.”

“ Know’st thou *yesterday* its aim and reason ?
Work’st thou well *to-day* for worthy things ?
Then calmly wait the *morrow’s* hidden season,
And fear not thou what hap soe’er it brings !”

WE are just returned from a row round the Fairy. Mr. P—— was standing on the deck. we cast many wistful glances, wishing to be invited on board—to silence the energetic, “do ask,—do ask, mamma!” of the children. It seemed to me as natural, from old recollections, to receive this invitation, as for them to ask; but it was too great a gulf to pass to make the advance, though strongly urged, even by the boatmen. I had my card-case, and I longed to put on my address, “Sister to the ——;” a ready letter of introduction.

It is a pity the world is so full of scramblers; for the steady may be classed among them. I feel quite dissatisfied now, knowing that Mr. P—— was on board, that we had not made our-

selves known, and gratified the children ; yet consoling ourselves with the assurance that disappointment is better than the mortification of a rebuff ;—yet to fancy the pretty Fairy, or any one belonging to her uncourteous, is impossible. It is pleasant fare, sometimes, to live on hopes, though not very nutritious ; we will try the Fairy again at the next low tide : admirers are sometimes accepted for their perseverance.

The Fairy is the prettiest thing we have seen since we have left England. There is something very pleasing to the eye in fair proportion. The elegant Fairy ! so graceful,—so gracious !—so like beauty, royalty,—it is all the same,—perfection of any, of every kind, is pleasing : and like a lover I am now sketching the Fairy from my window.

Half-past six. They are taking the colours down ; and from Castle Cornet we first see the flash, then the smoke, and then the electrifying “ bomb ” of the evening gun. The colours from every vessel riding at anchor are now all gone ;

even as I sketch,—there, see! the flag that I am drawing is running down the mast! the Castle streamer is the last: and the pretty Fairy and her raking masts is just as captivating in her undress as she is in her best.

It is a novelty to go to bed every night owing nothing;—to be spared the speculation ever running in the head, as to the amount of what this and that bill, and the other will be at the end of the credit season;—to pay for what we *really* require (and how little this is!) instead of keeping *down* weeds, and all the variety of keeping *up* appearances, required at home! And yet if we have cares and ties in England, it is of no avail to run away from them; it is but a lengthened chain, as with Charlie, the dog, and his long black string: pull as he will, and he sometimes does, when at a distance he sees a companionable dog, until his head is al-

most pulled off,—still there is the clog at the end,—a respected clog. I would never pull my head off, but rather pay a hyper-respect to my string; as Locke says, “Let your will lead you where necessity drives, and there is”——No, no. What does he say in my book at home? He *means* there is then no force necessary,—no restriction put to your liberty. And Locke was a wise man, although I have not done his maxim justice.

TO-DAY the militia are out on a field-day, marching and countermarching. They seem a very mean-looking description of men, diminutive in height, with a quantity of dark hair, as though their growth had run that way ; or that they encouraged the redundance of whiskers and beard, as an approved mode of planting out their ugliness.

The Fairy is just come back from Jersey, where she has been these two days past, and has taken to her old moorings,—the Queen's moorings,—and we see her boats are slung up ; and the men are running backwards and forwards, lowering the sails and casting the anchor ; and she looks with all the fascinating unconcern of

a fashionable belle, not seeming to know—or care—how very much we are admiring her.

And now a steamer is passing before her bows,—so close it seems that it must crush her! No, all is right. And we hear the jar and the whiz of the steam and the froth as she looks down upon the Fairy, as pompous as a city dame might do, passing by a court-bred beauty. And now the roar of letting off the steam! sounding like a market of pigs, and quite enough to frighten the little Fairy. But she takes no notice. And now the boats are gone out to convey the passengers on shore; this had been a great care to us before we knew how it was arranged, and might be the same to others; so I will explain, that there is no trouble at all, for all this matter is arranged for you. *Voilà* the regulations.

Every boatman is bound to have the number of his boat painted outside on each bow, and inside on the stern. The number of passengers is limited. No boat under fourteen feet in length is allowed to take passengers from the

pier to the roads, or from the roads to the pier, under a penalty of fourteen livres *tournois*, (the old Norman currency,) for each passenger.

None but the boats of the division on duty are authorised to land passengers from steamers, under a penalty of three livres *tournois*.

The boatmen are bound to put on shore, in a place of safety, the luggage and effects of the passengers they land, that their owners, or porters whom they have engaged, may take them away, under a penalty of ten livres *tournois*.

Every porter is to carry a brass badge on his left arm, and he is forbidden to take the passengers' luggage or effects, without their leave. He is to stand behind, or along the walls, until called for, under the penalty of suspension of his badge.

No porter is to carry a second load of luggage until all the others present at the landing have each taken one in their turn, under a penalty of ten livres *tournois*.

This is an excellent regulation ; it prevents

all hurry and scrambling; they cannot serve two masters. The carriage of each passenger's effects to the hotels and lodgings, sixpence; under a penalty of ten livres *tournois*.

While I have the oracle before me, let me put down again the expenses of the passage, which will, I think, agree with the statement I have already given.

Between Weymouth, or Southampton and Guernsey.

	£	s.	d.
Main cabin . . .	1	1	0
Fore cabin . . .	0	15	0
Children under ten . . .	0	10	6
Carriage	3	0	0
Horses	3	0	0

Independent of this, the steward's fees are two shillings a head, and one for servants. I trust I have, therefore, enabled you to calculate your expenses to a fraction,—setting down nought in

malice ;—your tea will be two shillings for yourself,—half that for your servants ; and this is, I think, all you will require. May such fare sit lightly,—and so good night. Addio.

WE are sitting at our windows like the cockneys in the summer on the west cliff at Brighton, cracking walnuts after dinner, drinking Spanish wine, and planning a walk over the sands to Castle Cornet. "Look from the turret, sister dear!"

"I see nothing but the sea, which looks green, and the boats *which make a dust!* there are two boats going over the very pass we must cross, before we arrive at the rocks which surround the castle."

"Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody crossing?"

"Yes, there are two men who have just forded the pass; but they were up to their middles in water."

“ Then that will not do for us ; I have no idea of taking a bath. Another glass of Spanish, and some walnuts.”

The rocks, dotted here and there, are now just beginning to appear above the water. I feel for my shoes, and fear a brave pair, ere we return, will be laid low !”

“ Mamma, what dreadful castles you do build !” exclaimed our youngest boy, bursting from a reverie.

“ What have I done, my child ?”

“ Why, mamma, you said we should have a nice square garden before the house, and another square garden behind ; that we should work in it ourselves, and keep it in order, and have no gardeners. Where is our garden ?”

“ Where, indeed, my child !” I felt I owed them something for these visionary promises, so to the castle we must go.

A shower of rain has kept us in a haberdasher's shop for two hours; so no castle to-day; the tide waits for no man. Heard of our friend Major ———, the king of Guernsey, as he is called; so resolve to pay him a visit to-morrow.

SEVEN o'clock in the morning ! Just returned from witnessing the launch of a merchantman, and I feel just as though I had been assisting at a wedding,—or at a funeral,—*les extrêmes se touchent*. I had heard of the effects a sight like this might have on the feelings, but I hardly believed it ; and indeed we were so near the huge thing, in the house where they had invited us to come, that I confess my only feeling was, a fear lest it should fall against the wall and crush us ; and I was running about from window to window, pulling in the children's heads, when the last stave was knocked away—the chain let loose—and the mighty thing moved on !—glided down the framework that was raised, into the sea,—and headlong she went—tossing up the

foam as high as her masthead,—splash into the water !

To describe it there seems nothing in this,—neither was I prepared in any way to “cherish the soft emotion,” as the lady says to Warwick. I was indeed rather in *a fuss*; moderating the children’s curiosity, and urging them to have a care of themselves should a failure take place, and the great monster thing, whose watermark we did not reach—even on the second floor, swerve from the greased planks, and falling against the house, crush us in her progress. It was in the midst of this feeling that “the Rosa of Guernsey” took her even course to the sea! Breathless we all stood! “Are you crying, mamma? then I am sure *we* may cry too!” And then the gush of tears and sobs that followed! I could not have believed it—can hardly understand it now,—but so it is—the heart was full, even to bursting!

It is thus the works of man—that poor, puny thing affect us! the productions of nature never

throw us into sadness; but when we think of the little hands, in comparison with their task, that have put so mighty a structure together,—defying, in a measure, the very elements, and taking, like a created thing of vital force, its stately course, what can we do but weep,—nay, cry like a child—in this sudden call upon the feelings.

The builder was pointed out to us,—a thin, pale-looking young man, with crape round his hat. He appeared composed, and calm. I think it was assumed: the kind of grasp of the hand, we perceive in West's picture of the judgment of Brutus,—just the sort of forced calmness put on, a father would steady himself down to who had condemned his own sons. It was this, or the excess of interest, had brought him to it.

He was the very one to talk to, and relieve our feelings. So we walked up to him, and congratulated him on the success of the launch. He bowed,—said it was an anxious moment,—but that he was generally very successful. He

looked after the vessel, as like a cork she reeled upon the wave ; it was a sad look he gave,—as a parent would see after a child who had cost him some trouble ; and he said,

“ My responsibility ceases the moment she is in the water.”

“ And now you feel to-day to have nothing to do ?”—I longed to add, “ as Gibbon did when he shed tears, that he had finished his work ?” And there is nothing so saddening as this first day of leisure, after a long and anxious task !—as a ship without passengers or ballast—the very excess of nothing to do—makes you feel empty, wavering, and fitted for nothing.

We expressed a hope to the amiable ship-builder, that the workmen would have a holiday and a treat ; and he smiled, and replied, “ That remains at the pleasure of the owner.”

As I write, the vessel in question is being towed by the window ; the men seem busy on the deck, and she is rolling about from side to side, as she takes her way to the harbour : it is a novel sight to see so much of the hull visible. The Ariadne steamer is also just come in. It is a glorious morning !—not yet eight o'clock, and all looks bright and shining on the water ; the very urn seems to sing a more joyous bubble than usual ! We still keep to our hot bread—have a most *entrancing* sort of bacon they bring from Spain, rolled up, high dried, and well spiced in the centre. The Ariadne has landed her passengers, and is off again for Jersey—I see her quite plain through the teles-

cope. The skipper in his bent hat!—Shall I tell you what he is doing?

“ Yes.”

He is blowing his nose. Now he is turning round. I suppose he knows the coast too well to have a pilot? But he is looking out anxiously, and standing on the bridge that crosses from paddle box to paddle-box. There is a gentleman in a cloak, escorting a lady up and down the deck; let them walk whilst they can, for this rough sea will try them. There is a carriage being taken on board; and a boat full of people pulling hard from the harbour—the skipper is looking impatient—the bell rings—the paddles begin to move.

“ Come, mamma, to breakfast.”

TO-DAY is Sunday. Just returned from St. James's church : a neat and substantial edifice, built in the doric style ; its form an oblong square, and its front is ornamented with a heavy portico, composed of four pilasters and two columns, supporting an entablature and pediment, over which rise a tower, dome, and cupola, —all as ugly as well can be, when we compare it with our ancient parish churches.

Another thing appeared to us *very new*, and as a sort of innovation ; the desk and pulpit are placed *behind* the altar,—where seeing the parson, and much more the clerk—the question is, what do they there ?—what becomes of the sacredness of the spot—the *sanctuary*—if it be thus intruded on ? and, as far as the clerk is concerned—

with no disrespect to the individual—polluted. Puseyism, and the candle-sticks, and all, were surely better than this? Why should a holy spot be frittered down to a kind of sofa-table—a sort of baized stand a conjuror might place before him? It were advisable, surely, to take a pattern by our old cathedrals, rather than allow the builders of the present day thus to show us “where is fancy-bred,” in the erection of religious edifices.

We had a very excellent sermon—the subject the prodigal son. I listened attentively—felt it *quite personal*—and was prepared to hear something that would do me good.

“Impatient of restraint”—for trouble is restraint—“he leaves his home—his father’s house. He wanted his liberty—ah, how we hasten to our doom!” How, indeed! I could almost have asked the preacher, if he were far from home. But I did not; and he proceeded. “Let the power be but in their hands . . . breaking off from all this he goes abroad—there he

is." (Yes, here he is!) " And thus it is of men who wander from their home,—thoughtless and inconsiderate. And it is a blessed thing when we can get men to think, and in earnest to consider—a sort of insanity—madness. Sin is the want of harmony between the mind and body. Writhing under this deplorable folly, what a lesson is this to some!" (Umph!)

" And now the prodigal thinks of the house that he has left. He comes to this determination—I will arise and go to my father. I will have *faith*. His heart is drawing him back. *He resolves, and promptly acts upon the resolution.* I will arise and go : and he arose and went. I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. And is he to be received in such a way as to be taught the sin he has committed? No. He that is lost is found. There is joy over the sinner that repenteth. If any have been led away let them return."

This is the first sermon we have heard since we

have been in the island. We have no idea of sitting like a culprit in a condemned cell—the sermon made on purpose for us. Our mind is thoroughly made up—I will arise—and return to England.

YESTERDAY we took a tour round the island ; a commodious fly, and room to pack both children and dogs comfortably. We were a happy cheerful party, the children talking and laughing,—myself occupied with my paper and pencil—a sketch here, and a scrawl there.

In these notes I see, “Bays. I never read descriptions, therefore I cannot write them. But it seems to me that one, sick and sorry of the world, might come here, and in tranquil melancholy wear out his day. As you look from the heights, to the calm water below, they call to the mind views of the lakes in Cumberland, for there are some parts, where, by the intersecting of the rocks, all appearance is lost of an opening to the sea. Among the most romantic of these is Petit

Bo bay, or, as the natives pronounce it, T'bo. Those who have seen Napoleon's tomb, say that the scenery round this bay is a miniature facsimile of the spot where rested the ashes of the Emperor. A ravine presents itself, and the height on which imagination is to place the house of Madame Montholon—the green sward sloping gracefully to the vale below. The small cottage, where you must put the sentinel, and the crevice in the rock—the water bursting through—from which the Emperor used to drink. Then there is the deep dell, in which fancy must place the tomb. All this is delightfully romantic. A water-mill—rocks—high cliffs, with the ivy hanging from them like a ruin—a bay—a Martello tower—an enterprising traveller, who has followed us in our tour—handsome and solitary;—what would you have more to complete the picture?" Here my notes ended.

I picked you a sprig of heath from the rocks of Petit Bo bay. You brought me a sprig of some wild flower from Switzerland. There is

something very elegant in flowers even in death. My gift is common heath—it wears well—as will ever wear our friendship.

“ I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows ! ”

The cows here are all tethered, as are also some very quiet-looking horses. The Devonshire hedges, and even the Devonshire people, are the most stupid people in the world ! “ The present company excepted,” exclaims my little, laughing girl, from the corner of the carriage. The roads very good, and not a turnpike to be seen : but it is all quite English—and that near London.

Just let us fancy ourselves in England, as we travel along ; and you will see nothing to put you out of the supposition. The farm-houses are all built the same ; the windows are the same, and in some the old cupola portico over the door ;—I have seen many such in Middlesex and Surrey.

The back of the island recalled to me the vague *beau-idéal* I had formed of Guernsey.

the sandy shore—rocks—a castle—a fort—hills in the distance—cows feeding—boats out fishing—a battery—a Martello tower—and moss-covered stones piled one on the other for the fences; calling forth the mischievous spirit, indigenous, I fear, to our English blood, of making us long, as in

“ Sending Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,”

to knock them down, like the *dramatis personæ* in Tom Thumb, and so an end to them.

These fences give the country a very Irish appearance; but here the likeness ends. There is no starvation here—no appearance of poverty in Guernsey—everything is orderly and substantial, and there is not a beggar or poorly-dressed person to be seen; indeed, in every place, the market-place excepted, there seems but a thinly-scattered population.

We had passed Fort George in the commencement of our little tour, reaching it by the Grange road, studded, as I have said, on each side by its rich citizen-like houses; the same sort of

formal carriage drive to the door, whilst the green-house and hot-house is an indispensable appendage to the garden.

We were told that the gardens in Guernsey would strike us with great admiration : I cannot say that we have yet been smitten in that way ; all that we have hitherto seen, are as neglected as any we could well find in England. The houses all seem shuffled about like the honours in a pack of cards, into the hands of the same people, reminding one of the old song, “ Monsieur Nong-tong Paw.”

“ I say whose house is that there here ?

Hoose ? ”

Mr. Brock’s.” A little further, “ Pray who resides in that house ? ” “ Mrs. Brock.” And, again, “ Can you tell me whose place that is on the lawn ? ” “ Mr. de Lisle Brock’s.” John Brock—William Brock—there seems no end to the Brocks ! And the like with the Careys. John Carey, Tupper Carey, Thomas Carey !—The Dobrées the same—all settled in the very best houses.

But we are at the fort—the principal fortification in the island, commenced in 1782, shortly after the breaking out of the American war, and finished in 1812, at an expense to the nation of no less than two hundred thousand pounds. It is constructed on the improved form of the square, composed of four bastions, connected by curtains, with a ravelin to the south, and a counteryard to the south-west ; possessing every requisite for defence, and for the accommodation of about three thousand men. We were told there were very extensive places under the ramparts—*casemates* (I think they call them)—which during a siege might be converted into barracks. There are thirty-four pieces of cannon, one carronade, and some mortars mounted on the bastions ; besides which, the citadel is supported by several formidable batteries, some of them with the guns pointed inland ; but most of them look as though the enemy were to approach them by the sea. The sea there is nothing but sea ! as you gaze around,—the land seeming merely a platform

to stand upon. And yet this land hereabouts is so pretty, it reminds one of a mosaic picture—sloping as it does to Fermain Bay ; and here we found a party of soldiers firing at a mark. It was rather fearful to stand in full front of their muskets, and I thought of Marshal Ney ; but we were on a height, where it was settled as impossible the bullets should reach us ; yet I, for one, sheltered myself behind a bush of furze, and thought,

“ But for those vile guns, he would
Himself have been a soldier.”

It was very awful to stand before that long rank of muskets—to hear the word, “ Fire !” and then to see the flash—the smoke—and after this to hear the loud report—making a continuous echo among the rocks !

“ Oh, worse than death indeed !”

and, as in a storm, the thunder even more frightful than the lightning.

The bay is defended by a Martello tower—its

moss-covered granite and rude form rising from a gorse-covered dell, adding very much to the romance of the picture. It is so strange that in these beautiful bays—these dells—there is not a cottage or house built for the reception of those, who from the town, might require sea-bathing, or for strangers. The scenery here is very like some spots near home—very pretty—and could we but have found a residence in these glades, here we might have stayed. It is somewhat coquettish of these islanders to seem to care so little concerning the accommodation of their English neighbours:—but, no; the Bec du Nez—the fertile valley—the rich pasturage for cattle is left to “blush unseen,” at the evident neglect that is shown to its beauties.

Looking down on this dell, and adding to the interest of the spot, stands Doyle’s monument—a plain column of granite ninety-six feet high, and about four hundred feet from the level of the sea. Over the doorway are the words, “Doyle, Pub. Grat.” It seems the building

was erected at the expense of the Guernsey states, in grateful remembrance of many public services rendered to the island by Sir John Doyle, whilst Lieutenant-Governor, from 1803 to 1817. It appears that the said General, much against the people's consent, improved the old roads, and made many new ones in the island, taking advantage of the night to cut through property withheld from him by day. People do not like these innovations, or the being done good to, at the time; it requires to be digested, before we can see that we are bettered, or can consent to become thankful: and the day may come, though now they would not build it with a pair of tongs, that we may some day see a pillar in honour of General Napier.

Be all this as it will, this Fermain's Bay is certainly very beautiful. The overhanging precipices largely indented with fissures—the impetuous wave rolling on the pebbly beach, or breaking with wanton violence against the rocks, as it were, foaming and laughing in its spray.

And, besides this, the loneliness—the total absence of every object, that may indicate, (for the soldiers have all marched off, and they almost added to the desolation of the place,) that there is any one living in the world besides ourselves. A feeling of repose is given—an abstraction from the hearts of men, that teaches one to feel that all which we have done *for ourselves*, is but lost labour; and the truth is visibly painted, that a little clothing, a little eating, a little cottage, is all that we require. And yet what a vast ado we make! what a skirmishing—what a fussing!—and all about—nothing.

Yet whatever be our dreams, real life must come; the children were tired of wondering at the strange desolation of the land, and of picking flowers, so had collected together near the steps of the carriage. “Politeness would not let them wait,” so we drove on; and passing a pretty house to the left we asked, whose place is that? “Mr. Brock’s.” Then on the right a very fine old Hampton Court-looking mansion,

—the manor house of Saumarez. Then we came to Moullin Huet, combining every sweet that can be well fancied ; the cliffs overgrown with waving fern and hanging woodbine ; the briar-rose, the blue bell, and a hundred other wild flowers thronging the hedges on either side ; and then all at once turning an extreme point, is seen the pretty harbourage of Saints' Bay. And then St. Martin's Church, the dedication of which, in February, 1199, attracted numerous persons of distinction from England, Normandy, and Brittany, uniting the pomp of feudal and baronial times with the solemnity and imposing splendour observed in all Catholic countries. It is said there were present the Governors of Rennes, Honfleur, and Caen, Totness, and Southampton, and eighty-four other feudal lords, each displaying his banner. It is now the fashionable church for marrying in the island.

Saints' village and bay, which is so called from its being the spot to which Archbishop Manger of Rouen, uncle to William the Conqueror, re-

tired at his banishment, receives an interest from knowing that whilst here he fell in love with a lady of the name of Guille, and there are now families bearing the name of Manger and Guille, who live in the immediate neighbourhood.

On the right is very evident to be seen a regular formed tumuli. What a precious *morceau* for us antiquarians at home ! though it seems a question whether it be not an alarm station, from its towering height, rather than the resting-place of departed chieftains. And then Le Hurel, a collection of mere huts ; rude, untidy looking cottages, remarkable for the people who tenant them,—a sort of *Norwood* in former times, until taken into better hands, where the *roms*—the gipsies—used in winter time to find a shelter. So it is with Le Hurel ; there is a kind of half gipsy, half beggar race, bearing the name of Pipel, and who keep themselves totally distinct from every other family, because no person will intermarry with them, who here congregate together. Their appearance and features are quite

unlike the rest of the Guernsey peasantry. There is with them, as with our gipsies, the ease of independent circumstances. The women wear feathers in their bonnets, and the men lounge about, bask in the sun, as in the Carlton, and seem perfectly indifferent as to what the world may think of them. This *sang froid* helps to confirm the country people in the belief that they are wizards and witches ; so that when they beg for their *noël*, or “ *irvières*,” at Christmas, each one has too much respect for his own well-doing, and for his cattle, and his children, to send them away empty-handed.

As we approached their sacred haunts a young man, with a rudely-made leathern jacket, walked up to the carriage, and in a bold attitude for supplication,—a striking insouciance, compared with the respectful manner of the other peasants,—said something we could not understand. He was very handsome indeed ; dark eyes, the long drooping lashes of which gave them a peculiarly melancholy expression ; yet his voice was cheer-

ful, and on the children holding up a bouquet of wild flowers, and then snatching them back again, he said, in the Guernsey French,

“Echipse mène chunna.” Throw me that.

“No, no, no, no,” cried all the children at once, seeing, from his manner, that he really expected their nosegay from them. So with the air of a man of fashion he turned away, murmuring,

“Ah ! que t’es geurgi pountant !” How cross you are ! And then he asked me, in a peculiarly accented English,

“Lady, let me tell you your fortin ?”

“I have none. I have left it all in England.”

“Entangled, you would look for to say. *Dedjougilliai*,—out of order—as we call it here. Never mind, while there is a *jaonniere*,—a furze field left ; *palfrandique* ! you’re not so badly off.”

I felt that the gipsy’s taste and mine might agree upon many a subject ; and I was quite sorry to hear the coachman call him, “un bad’

la goule ;"—a chatter-box ; and then drive off. He said such folks were very troublesome at times, and better kept at a distance ; so we passed on by Le Croix au Bailiff, a place so called from a circumstance which happened at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The bailiff of the island, named Gautlier de la Salle, lived near this place at the Ville au Roi, the sculptured door of which, its granite spiral staircase, still preserving, though now tenanted by poor people, the dignity of age amidst the trees that surround it and its mantled ivy walls.

There is a story told, that this Gautlier de la Salle had a poor neighbour named Massie, who having a small piece of land near the bailiff's estate, very much annoyed and provoked him by using the right of passage he had to a well belonging to La Salle. This right of way is often a bone of contention with gentlemen landholders in the present day, and it seems that Gautlier de Salle, in his disappointment in not being able to divest the man of this right, formed a wicked

plan of taking away his unyielding neighbour's life. In those days theft was a capital crime ; so La Salle bethought himself of hiding away two of his own silver cups, and of charging neighbour Massie with having taken them. The accuser being a person of such high authority, the case was soon made clear, and sentence of death was pronounced against poor Massie. There was a pause,—a dead silence in the court ; and the prisoner's deriding look of scorn sunk into one of pallid dread, as he listened to his condemnation. At the moment a noise was heard,—the rush of men, and one, a labourer, burst into the court, holding up the two silver cups, and exclaiming, “ They are found,—they are found ! under the sheaves of corn we were moving into the barn ; see here, we have found them ! ”

“ Fool ! ” exclaimed La Salle, bitterly grinding his teeth, “ did I not forbid thee to touch *that* rick ? ”

It was enough. Every eye was turned on the

wicked bailiff, and saw his guilt ; so it was resolved that he should suffer the *lex talionis*,—the punishment which he had contrived for his victim, and poor Massie was set at liberty, to walk to his well, whilst Gaultier de la Salle was desired to “get up and be hanged.” On his way to execution he stopped at this spot, and prayed at the cross that his sins might be forgiven. A moss-grown stone in the pathway now alone marks the place, whilst where he lived is pointed out as “Le Courtil Massie !”—Massie’s field,—to this day. The children were all very pleased that the wicked bailiff was hanged. I think Massie ought to have been hanged, for his dogged obstinacy, and uncourteous proceeding.

A BRIGHT morning in September! one of those days which seem made to bring forth joy and peace, and elevated thought—

“ A sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

I am sure the poet wrote such lines on such a day as this. And pleasant it is to rest upon such feelings and such thoughts, far, far away from all the petty troubles which will ever clog the mind on duller days. Yes, surely, September

was made for bright thoughts and long walks. So after a lounge on the Sallerie battery—a romp with the little dog Philos, a pet the sailors have brought from Spain, and who, as they say, can do everything but *spake*—belonging to all, yet appertaining to none,—watching the fishermen mending their nets, and drying their sails,—the fresh sea-breeze, and the old sailors lounging and rejoicing in the sun, we set off for a walk to St. Sampson's, passing by two Martello towers and some batteries, in our way. It seems at low tide as though Nature had done all she could, by the ruggedness of the rocks, to defend the island in this part from the enemy's approach ; but at the beginning of the last war surety was made doubly sure by erecting fortifications along the whole range of coast, as well as upon each of its projecting extremities ; and besides this, there were barracks on Delancey hill, which have been now pulled down, and the land let on lease since the peace, subject, however, to the being re-entered upon at a short

notice, should the breaking out of hostilities render this at any time necessary.

On reaching St. Sampson's harbour we soon saw the *gold* with which our London streets is paved; and it was pleasant so to see it,—to follow it with our eyes as it was heaved into the ship's hold, and with *interest* to think—not *envy*—how soon it would be in London. The Guernsey stone trade has been many years established; a considerable part of London is paved with it:—so I have learnt here;—in London it is sufficient that *there* it is,—we care not to inquire where it comes from.

We were tired with our walk, and crossing the plank that led to the vessel, were politely welcomed on board; the captain coming up from the cabin with his pipe in his mouth, and invited us to see the vessel. As we talked, he told me the worth of his cargo.

Spalls or chippings of all sizes

to be broken for the pur-

pose of Macadamizing

roads 1s. 8d. per ton.

The same broken up and

ready for laying . . . 4s. 0d. per ton.

Paving stones . . . 7s. 0d.

The freights to London vary, according to the demand for stone, and the number of vessels bringing them, from seven shillings to nine shillings per ton.

It is well known that Alderman Staines rose to fortune from his having been employed as a stone-cutter at St. Sampson's. He had left England in his early youth, came to Guernsey, and to earn a living hired himself as a journeyman stone-cutter to a farmer at the Vale. Returning to London some years afterwards, he accidentally came to a street they were paving with the Guernsey stone, and looking at it as he would at an associate he knew well, and loved from early recollections, he saw the clumsy manner in which they were laying it down, at the same time pointing out to the workmen how they could do it better ; and whilst so doing he attracted the attention of the contractor, who, struck by his knowledge of

the business, was glad to employ him in his service. From this he became a contractor himself, made money, was elected Alderman, and finally became, like a second Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. This fact was unknown in the island until Sir John Doyle, when governor, dining one day at the Mansion House, happened to be seated next to Alderman Staines. The opportunity of hearing about Guernsey was not to be resisted, and he said,

“ You seem, General, to know the people of the isle ; tell me of my old master,—is he yet alive,—the worthy farmer of Vale ? ”

The governor knew him well.

“ Then tell him,” said the alderman, “ that his journeyman, William Staines, learnt industry and economy whilst under his roof, and is now doing well ; that he will be happy to see him in the city of London, and to return him the kindness, with interest, he received at his hands.”

It is a story well known, and I did not forget

it as we crossed the Braye du Valle, a tract of land formerly overflowed by the sea at high tide, until General Sir John Doyle, among his other persevering efforts, protected it from the encroachment of the sea, considering it of great importance to the defence of the island ; often saying, that in the event of an attack in that direction, so much depended upon the ebbing and flowing of the tide, and whether the enemy should be fought by land or by sea, that it would remain a matter of uncertainty to the last, whether he should be called on to act as an admiral or a general.

Its execution, however, required a stout heart and a clever head : and many a one with a mind less firm and energetic would have been appalled at undertaking it, especially as the engineers, consulted upon the point, decided against the practicability of the measure. But not so General Sir J. Doyle, of macadamised memory ! He undertook the work upon his own responsibility,—the English government, trusting in his judg-

ment, providing the means. The most complete success was the result of his anxious labours ; and though the land at first was little better than a bed of sand, by the application of draining and judicious husbandry, corn now grows, cattle graze, among which we saw many waiting to be carried to the market, from the Bay of Biscay : and, besides, there are very good farm-houses now standing where, thirty years ago, rolled the billows of the sea. The amount arising from the sale of the land was added to the sum the governor had already had granted him to be applied to the improvement of the roads.

From the harbour we proceeded to the castle, —Vale Castle,—standing on the headland to the north, and looking most picturesque, with its ivied walls—one mass of the brightest green. Its splendid view of the basin and harbour of St. Sampson, Herm and Jethou, with St. Peter's in the distance,—never was there so splendid a sea view ! and a steamer passing at the time—a

bright setting sun, and a stormy cloud, to add to the wildness and beauty of the picture.

Vale Castle was commenced, in the tenth century, by a colony of Benedictine monks, who had left the monastery of Mount St. Michael, in Normandy, and who had settled themselves in this part of Guernsey, when, finding it not safe from the attacks of pirates, who carried off their cattle and their corn, and anything else they could take, they undertook to erect this fortress, naming it the Castle of St. Michael the Archangel. Little more than the outward walls now remain,—broad and massive, flanked by towers, showing that it must formally have been a place of considerable strength. We walked on the ramparts mounted with cannon that encircled the castle

“ A lady looked o’er the castle wall,
And heard the knight thus sing.”

There was no knight ; but surely there is nothing much more interesting and romantic than a walk round the ruined walls of a castle,

“Near fretted pinnacles and fanes sublime,
And towers that wear the mossy vest of time.”

The beauty of the view, the freshness of the air, and the *aqua-marine* blueness of the sea,—sea all round! a peep here, a peep there—but still all sea! Guernsey is *very* small, when looked on from one of these heights.

The interior of the castle has been converted into barracks large enough to contain two hundred and twenty men. We saw no one but an artillery soldier and his wife, who are the sole occupants. She was washing in a small building by the old arched-way entrance,—he was weeding the neglected court-yard with a reaping-hook, evidently as a mere something to do. I told him, if he really wished to make away with the weeds, boiling water was the best thing to have recourse to. He had never heard of such a thing; and, as he looked down on his green dock leaves, he seemed to think it a mode far too “sudden and quick in quarrel,” for a man who wanted amusement.

“ It will remove them all effectually in a single day.”

“ But then, please, what shall I have to do to-morrow ?”

We looked through the windows at the iron bedsteads, and other accommodations for the troops : rust and mildew where everywhere to be seen. There is nothing but a war that can tend to brighten them.

And what did the lady who looked over the castle wall do next ? Why, weary with the steep ascent and the long walk, she, with her young party, walked into an auberge by the road side, and had some excellent sherry, three-halfpence the glass. English people are famous for doing things abroad they would not think of committing doing at home,—this is one of them.

After this we came to St. Sampson’s church, the most ancient religious edifice now existing in the island ; it was consecrated in 1111, and has all the extreme simplicity of antiquity. The site, we were told by a carpenter who was at

work withinside, on which it was erected, was previously that of a small chapel built in the sixth century, by St. Sampson, Archbishop of Dol, in Brittany, on the occasion of his visiting the island, shortly after it had been annexed by Childebert, in 549, to the diocese of Dol.

There is, in the oldest part of the church, a pointed arch which would put out many a speculation of our antiquarians as to the date when this order of architecture was introduced into the country. I never saw ivy so brightly green as in this part of the world !—clinging to the belfry, and setting off its modest proportions ;—so unlike the belfries of the present day, when, if they cannot build them expensively, they will not build them at all.

“ Souvenez vous des pauvres,”

is the first thing that meets your notice on entering the church ; a rude iron-bound pillar of wood contains the poor-box ; and this is opened once

a year. I dropped all the *doubles* I had left from our wine-bibbing, and should very much have liked to have put in some gold : not by way of charity, for the people here appear not to want it, but by way of a surprise when the box was opened.

Many of the books in the church seemed as antique as the building. I opened one at the psalms, the words and the music of which were printed together :—

“ Heureux celui qui des jeunes ans,
S’est tenu loin du council des méchans.”

There was something very primeval in the whole church, and yet touching upon the refined,—such as a few square pews with a reading-desk in the centre.

I copy you some inscriptions from the tomb-stones :—

“ Ici repose le corps d’ Elizabeth Fuller, veuve de Piere Fuller, décidée au Seigneur le trente Juillet, 1741.

“ Adieu, mes chers parens, mes amis précieux,
Mes combats son fait, je sors de la misere.
E j’échange aujourd’ hui la terre pour les cieux,
Répasse par la mort au séjour de la vie
La mort nous désunit pour un terms limité,
Mais Dieu nous rejoindre dans le gloire éternelle.”

There were many others “ en attendant la bien heureuse résurrection.” We then left the churchyard by some rude steps of granite leading through an opening in the wall, and returned home to tea, very well pleased with our walk, the sights we had seen, and in having something to tell you this morning.

How beautiful is age ! The two extremes assuredly here meet ! Youth on one side, age on the other,—it is impossible to say which would gain from us the most admiration. We count—watch—the regular wrinkle, as we do the dimple ; whilst the manners are much the same. The young ones have not yet learnt to suspect,—the old have outlived

their suspicions. There is an ugly age, an unmeaning age—unadmirable, unpardonable—*between the two*,—neither one thing or the other.

I left off suddenly, and I cannot remember what made me think of all this,—perhaps some very handsome old person ; but, *Dieu me pardonne !* I have forgotten. Ah, I recollect ; it was the mother of Miss ——, the milliner of High Street, a very fine-looking old woman of eighty-four. She was as pleased with our dogs as a child might have been, and played and caressed them with infantile fondness ; asked if Charlie was the mother of the little Blenheim,—“ Is he her mother ? ”—and kissed them tenderly when she parted from them.

We meet here many Devonshire people among the lower classes ; detecting them by their “ mewn,” and their “ spewn,” and their “ Yes, sure ! ” The *vraiment* of the French is a great improvement ; and, besides, a foreign language spoken by people looking so completely English, gives them a tone of refinement very agreeable ; and there is besides an air of *nonchalance* about

them that at once seems to throw you into superior company. They never stare at you in the street, or appear to take the least notice of you. At first we attributed this to our travelling dresses and quiet straw bonnets. But no ; when our trunks were unpacked it was the same,—the manners of our best ranks, pervade their roads and streets. Nobody gapes, nobody stares ; if you address them they are ready to speak, with their cheerful “ Ples you, ma’am ? ” and to attend to you with the greatest politeness.

SUNDAY.—We went this morning to St. John's Church, a very different one from St. James's, the pulpit and the desk modestly placed by the side of the communion-table. Why is it that when we have been offended, we are ever ready for the onset, and that our eyes readily seek the object which has annoyed us? Thus it was with me; for the desk was the first thing I saw on entering the church; the next, how soon it is perceptible the kind of persons—the grade—who are expected to pray in the place of worship we enter as a stranger. If in heaven there are many mansions, surely there need not be these distinctions on earth—and where all have the same road to go—the same end to gain! At St. John's it was evident we were all very plain

sheep: but there was the good shepherd; and though he had no clerk, we all joined in the same responses, uttered the same Amen. We saw no difference in the service, but the absence of a clerk, and that, before the litany a hymn was sung. The living is a perpetual curacy, the patronage of which is vested in five trustees. A parsonage-house, and fifteen pounds a year secured in rents, together with the pews,—which, after the pews are *all* paid, amount to about ninety pounds per annum. This may sound a small sum to many of our English divines; but if they could see the peaceful, unassuming look of the parsonage-house, and know how cheaply and happily they might live in Guernsey, many of them could be glad to make an exchange of livings, and take up these unpretending quarters. The church is in the pointed Gothic style, and built of the Guernsey granite.

On returning from church, we received your letter. It was put into our hands as we reached our door—seeming to fall from the clouds: per-

haps it did : heaven bless the post-angel ! The dogs were awaiting our return, and ready for their walk ; so, with the letter in my hand, feeling its weight—or rather its *want* of it—to the Salleriè Battery we went, and there, seated on the low parapet wall, we read your letter.

And you are no longer at home, but ploughing the sea in search of health and change.

“ Peace be around thee wherever thou ro’st.”

I can fancy you *running* along in your steamer, —looking, as they do, like the black beetles we meet in our summer’s evening path. And I think I should like to meet you on board, where the most crusty are even still more deeply encrusted,—to speak to you, and to say something that might entice your ear, and to make you seek for more. And then the very ungracious way in which you would try to get it ;—at least we have all settled that so it would be.

You pine for rest and quiet, yet are off for a

tour to-morrow: and you say, doctors who order travelling seem to think that every one is panting to run about and see new sights. “As for me, I want peace and quiet: I wish they had ordered me *that*.” And would you have taken it if they had? Oh, no; the doctors are right to send you away from home,—they know very well what this “peace and quietude” comes to there, for you are not the first weary post-horse these doctors have had to deal with; they are aware that no one leaves off work till fairly worked down—knocked up—in the place to which they are accustomed. To leave it off at the desk you know so well, is harder work than to go on;—for what is more arduous than to have done with old habits? The good of journeying is, that as your habits will not leave you, you must be moved away from your habits. And then we think we shall miss them so much; and we grieve in advance of these our troubles. And then we look at the writing-table we are about to leave, and we count its comforts; and

then round our elegant room, and we sigh and say, cruel doctor!—is this all to be given up? And we do not like the officious hand that is averting the nail from our coffin.

A friend comes in; he sees you are ill; and his first word is, “You work too much,—you must rest.” And does he give it you? No; he asks your advice on some nice point in which he is concerned; or gives you a manuscript to correct; or he leads you on to substantiate some of your own given opinions; not knowing, and perhaps not caring—for we are all selfish when we are pleased—how much he is adding to your labour.

It is the doctor’s duty to see you quit from all this. So he packs you up, and off; and you walk the world with your eyes open and your mouth shut, which, to a talker, is a great gain of rest. *You* do not talk. But you write: and how much you could do in this way, were but your pen ready! But it never is. There is the portefeuille to unlock—the table to find, apart;

and before it is all in order, there is something even newer in your mind than the last new thought you would have jotted down the minute before. So you write nothing; and this the doctor would have told you was the point he wished to gain, before you started.

Another good of travel is, that you rest all the blame of discomfort upon it; and it has a brave pair of shoulders to bear all this blame, and is not over and above tenacious; it well knows all the hard words it has to meet: the traveller is the better,—the travel none the worse for it.

“I only wish we were home again!” are words, however, which are left behind;—once off, they do not rarely occur;—others, not so desponding, have taken their place. We almost wonder what we could have seen at home so *very* attractive; annoyances, whose name is Legion, live there, and call it “home,” as well as ourselves. But then there is the large wardrobe, and the chests of drawers! (for we have ceased to

care about our easy chairs,) and everything so ready, that even in the dark we could find it;—now we can find nothing. But is not this the only care you *do* find in travelling? Get out your pencil and add them up, and tell me candidly is it not all blank; but that, rather than unpack you live like a snail in the same outside shell, till you are verily weary and tired of it. And this is all: there is nothing else you are tired of but the unsettledness,—and this unsettledness is the very making of you.

At home you know the exact hour when all your annoyances are to arrive. Abroad you expect them, it is true, for this is one of *your habits* not readily given up: but do they come? Certainly not. Or if they do, it is in a new guise; and you turn them round, look at them in their masquerade dress, till you find that they are nothing: and then you are hurried off to view some sight that must be seen, and the care is put aside: and cares *put aside are cares healed*; it is when you eat, drink, and sleep upon them, they do the mischief.

ANOTHER tour proposed round the island : the carriage two-and-sixpence an hour,—Guernsey money,—or twelve shillings the day ; and this includes its every expense. The horses are good and steady, and the roads excellent ; such as our Devonshire children never saw before. They never weary in admiring them ; and begin to wish for pony carriages, and all the rest of the appendages the English blood thinks it cannot flow freely without : here it seems rarely to enter any one's mind, that there is any necessity for a carriage.

L'église de Valle ! so peaceful—so healthful—so beautifully situated ! "looking so noble in its fair and antique proportions ! so just the place to be married in or buried, or to praise God to

the best of one's abilities. I really never *did* see so beautiful a country church ! the massive steps of granite leading up to its ivy-covered walls.

When Robert of Normandy left this island after his shipwreck, he bestowed all the land hereabout upon the monks of St. Michael ; empowering the abbot to hold a feudal court, and to decide all causes, civil as well as criminal. The church was consecrated in 1117 by the Bishop of Coûtances, the Abbot of St. Michael, the Hermit of Herm, and Dame Martine du Val, Abbess of Caen, bringing with them great gifts ; and with the silken ensign of the noble Rémont Sauvage, governor of the castle and parish, floating over the church, there were, during forty days, great rejoicings and feastings.

The ivied wall on one side the church is part of the ancient abbey, and there are some pointed arches in the south wall. In the churchyard opposite the western door there is a Cromlech, or Druid's altar. The ground is evidently rocky, and the turf as fine as on some of our thyme-covered downs.

There is, to me, something exceedingly offensive in the coarse grass which luxuriates in our churchyards at home. Why is it allowed so to remain? We pay our rates, and complain as loudly as the rest, that for the poor and the old men of the parish there is nothing to employ them. Why are they not set to work, to keep neat and trim, our offensive churchyards? It is, that this is the work of the sexton, who in his trade has usually enough to employ him: so he rushes out of a Saturday night, brushes up a little, turns in a few scared sheep, who seem to know they are where they ought not to come; leaves them to eat their Sunday's dinner, whilst he is partaking of his own, and thinks all is done. I wish our bishops would look into these things; for the rector of a parish will coolly observe, that it is no business of his. I dare say the grass may be very good; but there is something exceedingly disgusting in thinking that the next walk the sheep take is to the butcher's. Would that the clergy could come to Guernsey and see

how they manage things here ! It would be a somewhat serviceable lesson.

I copy you some of the epitaphs.

“ Ici repose le corps de Jean Robin,
Il n’y a qu’un pas entre moi et la mort.”

“ Pour un temps la clarté du soleil est ravie,
Mais tu la recevras bien plus luisante ;
Et ce jour que tu crois le dernier de la vie,
Est un autre naissance en l’immortel séjour.”

“ Dieu essuyera toutes larmes de leurs yeux, et la mort ne sera plus ; et il n’y aura plus ni deuil, ni cri, ni travail.”

IT was a bright afternoon in the month of September; the tancrisk tree waved its graceful branches as it grows wild in the hedgerows; so we proposed a walk, and left the carriage for a run up the steep green down, called L'Ancresse common. Here the races are held every June, for which her Majesty gives a handsome silver cup: it rather puzzles us to think what horses there are to run; for hitherto we have not seen anything but a hack post-horse in the island. *N'emporte*,—that is not its worst attraction to people of small fortune.

But on L'Ancresse common there is something more interesting to the antiquarian than silver cups or racing horses; it is strewn with Druidical remains; consisting chiefly of broad flat

stones, placed in horizontal positions, upon others fixed in the ground, evidently the altars of the Druids. Many similar stones, or rocks, just peep from the earth ; and others lay on its surface unattached ; perhaps wrested from their bed by the mighty waters of the deluge.

Whilst hurrying over these wild wastes, we were attracted to the principal altar, standing on the conspicuous centre of an eminence. It bore evident proof of being a temple, and the most perfect of its kind I have ever seen ; it is nearly circular, consisting of stones immensely large, and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top become thinner, having been fashioned by art into something the shape of shells. On these there are others which rest, forming a sort of roof, slanting towards the south ; the largest of which is supposed to weigh about twenty-five tons.

It is to be regretted that the drifting sand is allowed to fill up this monument of antiquity ; yet we managed to crawl within it. It looked

to me as though the stones must fall on our heads ; and that resting on so small a space for support, the first storm of wind must serve to dislodge them. But no ; there they have stood, and will continue to stand. A little stunted thorn-tree, as “ old as the hills,” is growing in the centre : we only wanted the mistletoe to make the scene complete. We gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonists of Europe offered up their worship to the unknown God. The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled into dust in its neighbourhood. Where, and what are they ? Upon the rock masses of hoary and vanishing ruin. Not so the Druid’s stone. There it stands on the hill of winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, —perhaps thirty centuries past,—when it was first raised, by means which, to us, are still a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope-stone has not fallen. Rain floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station.

The burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it ; and Time—stern old Time—has gnawed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect, let those who view it declare. There it stands ; and he who wishes to study the learning and the history of the ancient Celt and Cambrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs ; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions ; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundation of modern commerce ; but where is the memorial of the Druidic races ? Yonder ;—that pile of eternal stone !

So says one who is better able to describe these things than I am. The remains of several antique earthen vessels have been found here, and an immense quantity of human teeth and bones, some of them bearing evident marks of fire. What a treat such a place would be to

Cartright the dentist, or Lord Albert C——, and the Bristol Archæological association.

But the sands are again gathering round it, and are filling it nearly to the top;—sand so white, that mixed with the dry branches of fern, it matched so well with the little Blenheim, that we had some difficulty in distinguishing him from the ground he frolicked over.

It is hardly possible to weary of such a scene. Such large masses of stone poised on such little rests! their own value and weight keeping them in place. Some people we meet have the same power,—they are not to be jostled—neither can we “laugh them to scorn;”—when we meet such for the future we will call them Cromlechs.

There are many other Celtic remains to be seen near this spot; and the Logan, or balancing stone, *Le roc balan*,—has been found in Guernsey. A countryman being asked if he knew how they came there, replied, “*Mais vére,—jai oui dire à des vieilles gens t’ché du temps des faès, et que t’ché une petite femme qui l’porté*

là que les petits gens jonai aux pllates et piequirent chette roc pour la merque assai." There is something wildly beautiful in the place,—a fit scene for the meeting of fairies, or the representation of Norma. The smooth green slopes,—and here and there a moss-covered ruined tower,—the sea rolling in its waves, and dashing its spray against inaccessible rocks. We climbed round the *crève cœur*,—the cleft heart,—a high jagged promontory of stone, upon which some years since an American vessel was wrecked,—driven in—shattered to pieces—and all on board perished.

It is not pleasant in a strange land to be benighted ; so we kept our eyes upon the going down sun, and were glad to reach home as the evening gun fired. Dear evening gun ! We have heard, in scorn, people named as the son of such a father ; for the future we shall consider it somewhat of a distinction thus to have derived one's birth.

MARKETING seems here the grand object of the people's lives,—making it a sort of parade,—Hyde Park—Kensington Gardens; whilst the gentlemen twirl the fish dangling at their wrists, with the same *dégagé* air, with which a Londoner would flourish his cane. At first we used to turn away our eyes, thinking they would feel ashamed in being so discovered; but no; they seem to consider it a distinction—a sort of—“you see we have fish for dinner!”—and therefore rather proud of it than otherwise. Major B—— has been caricatured in this way, carrying home a bunch of carrots. He protested against it;—said he had carried home every other thing; but he never—no, never did carry home any carrots.

Shall I talk to you about this cynosure for

wandering eyes—this market, and tell you concerning the slabs of black marble on which the fish repose, as they flounder and pant out their last breath,—a market,—as the guide book says, “admitted by all strangers to be the finest in Europe.”

For myself I find it a very lamentable thing that my imagination will run on so far beyond the reality. When I heard of a marble market, it immediately took wing, and I expected to see a marble palace. I confess myself in fault ; the market is no doubt right. The slabs on which the fish are exposed unquestionably *are* of marble,—black and finely polished ; but they look like tombs ; whilst from being flat on the surface, I do not think they so well set off the fine proportions of the fish as the common stalls in England.

I went there once attended by a servant ; it was the first time, and I promptly made up my mind it should be the last,—especially as she would not let me buy anything, if expensive,—

that pleased me—I should have supposed that to have scrambled for the fish, would have been to have done it in a quieter manner. Why do people always put on such an important air, and seem in such an exceeding hurry when they are marketing? There is something to me very sobering in finding a greasy basket incommoding you on one side,—a fish saluting your cheek upon the other. There was a salmon from the Teign river, Devon, one shilling and three-pence a pound,—at Teignmouth they sell them at sevenpence. I hailed it as a friend, and longed to receive it at our table. “What, ma’am! fifteen pence a pound!” This was enough: and we did not venture to improve our acquaintance.

There was, however, plenty of fish besides, suitable to all sized purses. The place is noted for its excellence of this article, turbot, brill, red and white mullet, whiting, and tolerable sized john doreys; but none of them so reasonable as we get them on the coast of Devon. There is a kind of cray fish here, looking even

more ferocious than its cousin the lobster ; tasting, when dressed, very like the scallop fish ; and a shell-fish, also, called the aumer—*auris marina* : they look too pretty to eat. I remember once seeing at a ball an interesting young girl dressed in a green crape petticoat, ornamented with these shells—a sort of Ondine—a sea nymph. When cleaned with muriatic acid, they have all the varied hue of mother of pearl.

The meat market is fitted up “ in a very airy and convenient manner.” The shops are distinct one from the other, appearing very like the cages of wild beasts in a menagerie. The meat—in the glance I gave—seemed very different from English meat—though there is plenty to be had of *that*, if you choose to pay for it. The beef mostly comes from Spain, and looks like nothing we know of in our country,—neither beef nor mutton ;—very red—the fat very yellow, the bones very small. We read in many places, “ Dealer in live and dead cattle ; and Le plus

d'argent données pour de betail mort et emporté immédiatement." Fancy, *dead* cattle! Well, would we eat it alive? No: the truth is, we never give it a thought,—we neither think we eat dead or live cattle: but here, in looking at the butchers' shops it is forcibly brought home to the mind that death has been at work. The mutton of the place is more like overgrown rabbits cut up, than anything else; nevertheless, as I have said, there is very good meat in the market, if you like to pay for it: but for us, who had been "cutting our mutton" in Devon for five-pence the pound, the expense seemed enormous.

Do not, however, suppose that the meat and the fish is the extent of the Guernsey marketing,—for this would but ill suit the silk dresses, and streaming feathers that every hour of the day haunt the spot. The vegetable market is held in a large open square, and is extremely well supplied,—displaying also the finest fruit, and the sweetest flowers. On one side of this is situate "Les Halles,"—appropriated to the use

of the French women, who sell poultry, eggs, and fruit. The young ones look very pretty as they sit at their stalls in their provincial caps. Eggs and walnuts seem at this season the staple commodity of this market ; and the employment is, to divest the latter of their shells.

We bought some to-day of an old woman, who was busily muttering to herself as we approached her. The bargain concluded, she must give us change. No : she had no change to give—her daughter was going to be married,—well married !—it was all settled that morning, and she would let us owe her the money. It was great joy to get a daughter provided for—the best luck ! “ Il faut enfin s’établir.”

Of course we congratulated her on such success,—but again asked her to give us change for our franc piece.—

“ No,” she said in a kind of *patois* sort of French, “ keep your money, and take the nuts : —*c’est un épanchement de cœur ! Nous ne devons pas nous en étonner !*”

The children were delighted to offer her their best thanks. *Infiniment obligé!* *je vous remercie!* *trop obligeant!* and so forth. I was not so sure this *épanchement de cœur* would last; so we went again the next day, and she was then very willing to receive her *sous* for the walnuts, as well as for the rest of the fruit we had bought of her.

Whilst we are in the market I will give you a list of the prices of things, and then we will have done with the subject.

	per lb.
Beef	5d. to 8d.
Mutton	6d. — 8d.
Pork	6d. — 7d.
Veal	6d. — 8d.
Lamb	7d. — 8d.
Butter	1s. 2d. — 1s. 6d.
Bread	1½d. — 2½d.
Eggs per dozen . .	8d. — 10d.

A little note here. The children say they

like these eggs better than in England, because they *have more taste in them*.

Potatoes per bushel . . . 1s. 3d.

Turkeys 4s. to 7s.

Geese 3s. — 3s. 6d.

Ducks 3s. — 4s.

Fowls 2s. 6d. — 4s.

Pigeons 1s. 6d. — 2s. 6d.

But we must always remember the Guernsey pound weighs an ounce and a half more than the English pound.

It is not in these things, nevertheless, that the saving is made, but in such as, whatever our income may be, we still must have in England. The grocer's bill is rather a serious affair at home, do—or rather *not* do—what we will. Here it has a much more meek and gracious appearance :

per lb.

Lump sugar . . . 4d. to 6d.

Moist sugar . . . 4d. — 5d.

Souchong tea . . . 3s. — 5s.

Green tea 5s. — 9s.

Gunpowder . . .	7s. — 8s.
Coffee	1s. — 1s. 2d.
Rice	4d.
Arrowroot . . .	1s. 6d.
Currants	8d.

Candles and soap the same as in England.

We know little of the price of wines, being so small and so moderate a party; but that which we have had is excellent in its kind,—the best sherry 26s. a dozen; and our delightful Spanish wine—really the luscious juice of the grape—2s. the gallon! I copy you a list of wines, sent us by Greenslade, the best grocer and wine merchant here; and you will see it is in this article that gentlemen and large families save on coming to Guernsey.

FRENCH WINES.

Claret, St. Julien . .	26s. to 30s.
—— St. Emilion . .	16s.
—— St. Estophe . .	15s.
Hermitage	30s.
Champagne	45s.

Haut Sauterne	30s.
Frontignac	18s.
Picardan	8s.
Good Madeira	28s.
Malmsey	36s.
Port	20s. to 26s.
Sherry	20s. — 30s.
Marsala	10s. 12s. 16s.

The best liqueurs . .	3s. per bottle.
Cognac brandy . . .	6s. —
Hollands	3s. —
Jamaica rum	5s. —

Best Havannah cigars .	10s. per hundred.
Cubas	8s. —
Dutch	2s. 6d. —

I THINK you can see by these letters how very much our minds and tastes are getting reconciled to this place; and not only reconciled—for that is an ambiguous phrase—but really and truly pleased with it. I say to myself, with a sigh of thanksgiving, twenty times a day, it is good to know of such a land, where needless expense is left far away, and painful recollections are shaded off by change and distance:—yes, it is good to know of such a land! and I am most anxious to impart my knowledge to others. How many a family from England would fly to this place if they knew, *to a certainty*, of its advantages!—for instance, a widowed mother with her sons; an English land, with all the *agrémens* of France, and where we

feel that we are valued because we are English. Therefore if the town has somewhat of a foreign smell, never mind ; we just say, with Hamlet, “ Faugh ! ” and there enough, for there really is nothing else to annoy us. All seems prospering—all are doing well. We have not yet seen what we designate in England “ a poor person.” We yesterday, it is true, met a little girl without shoes or stockings ; but it was in the country, and she looked so joyous, and so clean in all else beside, that it left it a question in the mind whether it was poverty, or taste, or the exceeding heat of the weather, that influenced her. And one great charm above all is, there are so *few people* of any kind whatever. In the town you meet but few ; in the country you meet but few ; so that there seems plenty for all.—We have as great a horror as Malthus of over-population.

Come here, then, all who are heavy-burdened, and we will safely promise you rest. We do not see how, with common prudence, and a small family, you *could* spend more than three hundred

pounds a year ; and with this you might educate one or two sons, live sumptuously, and not lose *caste*. No one seems to spend more. If you wish a good house, and have the luck to find one empty, you will get it free from the alloy of expense-entailing appendages. You will have your garden just large enough to supply your table with fruit, and your rooms with flowers,—the *potager* the same. “ Grounds,” here, are a thing unknown,—the Englishman’s delight ! grounds!—the luxuries of which, *par parenthèse*, have turned more folks than Adam and Eve out of Paradise. If you have a large fortune, you cannot spend it through a wider or better channel ; if you have it not, be sure it is a wily stratagem of the devil’s to beguile you into debt and evil. *My* taste for gardens has died a violent death ; for the future, the beach and the lone hill shall be my pleasure-ground, Nature my gardener,—when I pay *his* debt it matters not. For the present, let me say—while this *ego-I* page lasts—that I am basking

in the mid-day sun of peace and thankfulness,—a heart unfeignedly thankful, mindful of its store of blessings, and gratitude, not “cultivated,” but revelled in, “as a duty.” Our front door opens on the esplanade, our back door into the shoe-house,—what do we want more? Nothing, if we achieve that useful lesson of wisdom, of knowing—when we are well off; and to learn this in the pleasantest mode in the world—and which brings me again to my *refrain*—come and learn it in Guernsey.

The language the people speak is very peculiar. In their dress they are like our country village peasants; in their manners, as we have said, they are equal to our best drawing-room company. I think this must arise from their using so many words and expressions that are French, which sets them completely a step above the same class of people in our country.

When we meet them in the fields, we forget that they are not so *aufait* with our language as the people of the town. When we speak to them they appear confused, beg our pardon, and explain, in a peculiar *patois*—a mixture of French, Welch, Scotch, German, Italian and English—that they do not understand us. It is then charming to get them to talk; and their kind manner, as I have said, makes their language very pleasing. You will hear the mother fondling with her child,—

“ Mon p’tit canard de soué ! Ma poulette ! ” and then the old woman will talk about “ le bo-uau vier tems.” In Devonshire they tell a child to “ rocky down,” when they wish it to sit on the ground; in the Guernesiais, to fall down is *de-rocquair*, and many other words have the same similitude.

It blows a fine breeze to-day.

I vente un fier breeze agniet.

And their “ au vous ” and “ au tu ” (I say) they bring in on all occasions. We were told an

exclamation of a woman, on seeing a little boy seated between two fat persons in a carriage,—

“ Ah, mais v’la donc, un poore éfant drollement posturais !”

This is all very pretty, and very amusing to wait for the English words to peep out of so very different a language ; but some of the lower order of townspeople speak a lawless sort of Irish, and decidedly swear more than they do among the same class in England. In the country there is nothing of this.

CASTLE Carey, a handsome Gothic edifice, embosomed in trees, is a striking object from many parts of the island. It is built, they tell us, on the same plan as Castle Carey in Ireland, no doubt with the handsome green granite; but, as with all the houses here that “ape gentility,” this noble material is hid under an ill-looking pink cement, daubed with untempered mortar.

Mr. Carey, the proprietor, is very kind in allowing strangers to visit his mansion; and it is a permission of which we very soon availed ourselves. The entrance-hall and vestibule are in very good taste, on a small scale, the suite of rooms exceedingly pretty, and the paintings they contain—by Murillo, Espagnoletto, Bassaño, Guido,

Teniers, and Salvator Rosa—are very fine, with many others from the best masters.

Yet it is strange to us that so handsome a house should stand on so small a plot of ground ; and meeting Mr. Carey, who immediately introduced himself, we observed that it seemed to us a sort of residence that should have the whole island of Guernsey belonging to it ; at the same time backing up the awkwardness of the speech, by adding, how much better for his comfort it was, that the English taste for a ring fence round all the acres in view, did not extend itself across the channel.

“ Indeed it is,” observed Mrs. C., who had now joined our party, “ I say even now we have too much land.”

Ah ha ! thought we, here then is another who would gladly curtail her expenses, and come and live next door to us on the Esplanade :—and we looked at her with interest from the very suspicion that such was her feeling. But there was a calm serenity on her brow that belied all

the fraternity we had expected to have claimed with her. No, there was nothing round Castle Carey but that which such a mansion required : comfort without ostentation, and no more land than absolutely necessary. A female servant opened the door, and there was linen drying on the lawn before the drawing-room windows. The English cannot understand these things ;— we would never wash our linen at all, rather than undergo the penalty of seeing it flaring away on the lines, beneath our very noses ! We first see that the *outside* is right, before we consult the in ;—we care not what we do—or rather what we do *not* do—so that our neighbour is satisfied with our appearance.

From the house we walked round the gardens—not *grounds*—to the graperies :—these are the Guernseyman's treasure, and his most precious ornament ! he prides himself on the sort, and we never saw such clusters ! There was no gardener near, no friend at hand, to pity or assuage our fox-like looking position ; the day

was sultry warm, and we were sure Mr. Carey would have given us a dessert, could he but have seen how ardently we admired them. A large bunch even on the sill of the window! But no; there we were alone—trusted: so we cast our eyes down, and rewarded ourselves by picking them up from the dust,—the single grape severed by its own ripe richness from the parent cluster: all feeling so perfectly assured that Mr. Carey would have given us a bunch, could he but have seen us, and our honest forbearance.

The merit of the Guernsey garden is certainly overrated. We see no gardens here kept in any order—English order. It is true, from the cheapness of glass, and there being no tax, every house has its small conservatory attached to it; but then these are very small indeed, and in many residences serve more as light closets,—tool-houses—than any addition to the garden.

The belladonna is now in blossom, and the Guernsey lily just beginning to show itself; but it is by no means a common flower,—we see it

in pots in the best houses—and that is all : they tell us it only blossoms every seventh year, and some even go so far as to state, that the same root flowers but once,—and never, no never, again. We cannot say. It is very beautiful ! its scarlet leaves, literally sprinkled with gold ! therefore from being so scarce, we begin to think there may be *some* truth in the statement.

The climate is decidedly warmer here than in England. We have seen orange trees in the open air, against a sheltered wall, eight feet high ; and a magnolia grandiflora reaching to thirty, and eight in circumference : this was near the holy well ; we will give you, to-morrow, the account of our visit to the place, and the romantic legend that is attached to it.

It seems that the people here are very superstitious, and the lower orders talk about sprites and fairies with the same zest that we do of the Polka ; taking the same varied shapes, and subject to the like contortions. But we have promised a letter of Guernsey legends, and we must lead you to them in a walk up the Grange Road to the C  tel parish, by Choisie house, the residence of the late governor Sir James Douglas, and then to the ivied covered archway of Saxon origin that leads to an old building, now inhabited by a farmer, but which, from its extent and antiquity, has doubtless been a convent. There is the massive Saxon portal remaining, now called Ivy Gate ; and from this we went to the C  tel church,—evidently built upon the site

of an ancient castle, from which is a splendid view; the Casket rocks,—Aldernay—Herm—with a distinct outline of the coast of France; whilst the broken foreground on which the churchyard stands, and its interesting remains of antiquity, all add to the charms of a beautiful picture.

There is a story—if we have time to listen—attached to every place. It was here that a pirate chieftain, (in the days of the piratical Danes who ravaged this fertile land,) called Le Grand Sarazin, and who took possession of this height, upon which he built a castle, where he remained, amusing himself with making forays over the island till disturbed by William the Conqueror, who sent one of his generals, Sampson D'Anneville, to rout them out from their stronghold; when Le Grand Sarazin was killed, and his fortress pulled down, upon the site of which the present church was built, and dedicated to “our Lady of the deliverance of the castle.” “Then there was great feasting and rejoicing,” relates an old tradition, “when the consecration

of this church took place ; and in the midst of a great assembly who made large gifts and offerings to the holy place, both in gold, silver, and precious stones, as a token of gratitude for their release from their enemies the pirates, and in acknowledgment of the favour bestowed on them by the Almighty, the dedication prayer was offered by the Abbot of St. Michael, the great banner at the same time moving on the summit of the church. And this prayer is handed down through an old local MS., entreating to be protected “ from all kinds of evils, inconveniences, and injuries ; from thunderbolts, thunders, and lightnings ; from rough and violent winds, and all enemies visible and invisible, both in time of peace and time of war : to which the church congregation answered ‘ Amen,’ with one pure voice.”

Then, as we have said, there was great feasting, and rejoicing, and the display of fine vestures for the space of forty days ; the ensigns of the island were unfurled, the bells, organs, drums,

and other instruments sounding continually. Bread was distributed to the amount of sixty-seven quarters of wheat, twenty fat oxen, and twenty fat cows, with eight tuns of cider, and six tuns of wine; then they departed, thanking God for having granted them grace to see so holy a work begun and completed.

A few years since, when this church was under repair, part of the plaster fell off the wall, and discovered traces of fresco decoration. It was carefully removed, and three different paintings discovered, yet so imperfect, that only one is distinct at present. The subject of this seems a matter of much mystery. There are three figures on horseback, apparently hunting, with hawks upon their wrists, and a forest is denoted by the tree which stands between them and three very strange-looking skeletons, the centre one wrapped in a mantle. The *Journal de Coûtances* explains the subject; and says that a vault was discovered in the church, containing the three skeletons as they are painted; and that the

subject refers to an old tradition, stating that three Seigneur de Coûtances, brothers, and renowned for their irregular ways, went out a hunting on horseback on Easter Sunday in the forest of Lessay. At the moment that the ceremony of the mass was celebrated, and the bell sounded at the elevation of the host, a skeleton rose up before them : and after uttering, in a sepulchral voice, " As I am so you will be," disappeared again as suddenly. The thrēe horses fell on their knees before the figure, and threw their riders to the ground ; who, terrified and smitten, made a solemn vow to God that they would turn from their evil ways, and build a church, if allowed to return in safety to their dwelling. The chapel St. Michael was founded by them, and it was there the skeletons were discovered.

We have warned you we are about to deal with the marvellous, and to show that

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

And again, "that there may be creatures dwelling around us, perhaps, for aught we can tell, of much larger mental endowments than ourselves, possessed of organisation so fine that the common air is to them as ponderous as earth and stone to us.

"O'er the green waves of ocean

They bound away ;

With insensible motion

Skim o'er the spray ;

When the storm howls loud,

They mount on a cloud,

By the blast

They are cast

Far away ! away !"

It is wiser, sometimes, to say that we do not *understand* a thing, than that we *do not believe* it ; yet are we ever more ready to pronounce the latter, than to admit the former. There are few of us who think deep enough, to hold commune with the spirits that may keep us company. We can see that evil spirits are with some, luring

them on to sin and folly; but the good spirit—the spirit of those who are gone—holds itself aloof, till we seek it—as it were, good, sober, and pure,—a part of itself.

Now let us set off upon the walk I am about to lead you: and we will go by the haunted lane, and presently we shall find ourselves at the holy well. There is a romantic story connected with the large rough-shapen stone that lies near, and the little cottage on the opposite side, called the Domaillerie, is shunned as a place “possessed:” no one will pass it by night,—no one will live in it by day,—it has, therefore, fallen into decay and ruin.

“What is a haunted house, mamma? what is a haunted house?” asked the children, with terror in their looks, even before they knew the exact meaning of the thing which was to cause it.

“It is a silly and mistaken fear, which weak people indulge in.”

“Oh, is that all?”

“Yes, that is all.” But the sun was going

down, and we heard the faint echo of the evening gun; so not liking the solitude of the place, and knowing we had a long walk back, we gathered our young flock—children and dogs—together, and hurried away home. And here, with our Spanish wine and our Guernsey *galette*, before us, we thought of the legend attached to the well; so, gracing our tale with decent honour, we give it to you in our next letter.

MANY years ago the Domailerie Cottage was inhabited by an extraordinary old woman, who lived there, solitary and alone :—whence she came, and who she was, nobody knew. She was ignorant of the language, and had an infant with her of two years old. She showed her money, and the natives gave her their goods : the baby thrived ; so that the cause of her emigration, which she confined to her own breast, was the business of none. Her person was anything but prepossessing ; she was tall, with a craintive sort of stoop,—long raven locks, and piercing, fierce-looking black eyes, that seemed to read you through, as they peered from under the shade of a close, strange-looking bonnet. Her face was dark, and of a peculiar expression ;

and she was so very silent, that she awed all who approached her to that degree, that the most venturesome gossip even failed in forming the slightest intimacy with the forbidding stranger.

The cottage where she lived, stood in a tangled mass of ruin, rising from the ivy and the briars that have now covered its walls. It belonged to a person of the name of Dubois, who was a foreigner. There was a garden in front, reaching to the foot of the opposite hill, and hedged on either side by a fence so high, that it was impenetrable to the eye of the passing wayfarer.

At the time of the woman's first appearance she must have been forty years old ; she called the infant her grandchild. It was a pretty little creature, always merry and happy, and was never known to cry,—the neighbours would hear it laughing through the hedge,—but it had all the talk and laugh to itself : the voice of the old woman never was heard ; and she never suffered

the little girl out of her sight. How they lived no one could say : it was true she would sometimes buy eatables brought to her door,—and at others walk farther than the wood : money she must have had, for she sought not for employment ; and though her own dress never seemed changed, the little girl was supplied with the best and most suitable apparel that money or care could procure her.

All this was very mysterious, and caused a great deal of talk in St. Mary's parish, and in the *lit de fouaille*, which is the rural sofa in every Guernsey cottage,—a lounge formed of fern in the summer, and of dried pea-stalks in the winter,—yet no one could throw any light on the matter : the chilling aspect and taciturnity of the old woman baffled all approach ; and the people were forced at last to give her up,—and with her their own inquisitiveness.

And time swept on in his restless course, and the old woman grew older still ;—her raven locks checkered with many a snowy braid, and casting

a softened look on the still bright eye. With Effie it had done a daintier work. First the joyous blossom,—then the bud,—and now the opening flower! The baby had grown into the child—the child to the beautiful young girl,—the fairy form moulding into the most delicate proportions,—the complexion to a peach-down tint, whilst every intellectual power shone forth in her open countenance. Yet her deep blue eyes were steady and sad, and the smile that played round her mouth, gave it, as it were, only a more melancholy expression. Her rich curling hair was left to the sport of the wind, and to Nature's own arrangement. Sometimes she would deck it with the roses that grew in their garden; but they were snatched out in a moment and thrown upon the ground, if she saw herself observed by a stranger.

Never were two beings more unlike than Effie and her old companion! for though she did not join in the sports of the children who

played on the hill and in the wood, yet they had spoken to her as they passed, and her sweet smile had won all hearts. They were anxious to know what language she talked, and they put some fruit in her lap, and asked her to thank them. But she first kissed one hand, and then the other, changing the burden of holding up the frock, as she did it, with a grace that struck them with admiration ;—but she said not a word. This method would have been repeated to have gained the desired end ; but the fruit was all found outside the cottage-gate,—thrown upon the pathway the following morning.

Yet the strangers were often watched by these idle children, and the still more idle gossips. And it was a touching sight to see them seated beneath the fig-tree beside their door,—the old woman's arm caressingly placed round Effie's neck,—the other hand supporting a thick, black-looking volume ; whilst the cheek of Effie reclined against that dark and pallid face,—her

eyes gazing earnestly in the wondrous book, or lifted, in their innocence, to meet the softened smile of her haggard companion.

And in that lonely place, in the still hour of eve, the silvery voice of Effie was heard,—a wild plaintive note,—adapted to the verse of a foreign hymn;—a child had crept close to the hedge, and had distinguished the words she sung, and had brought them home. And what were they? They came at every finish of the verse, and she said, “Benedictus—Amen!”

Sixteen years had passed without any change of place or purpose; the mystery that enveloped the cottage was as dark and impenetrable as ever, till it was rumoured that stranger sounds than those of Effie’s hymn were heard at night in the Domaillerie cottage. Some one told how they had observed two figures standing at St. Mary’s well,—Effie alone with a stranger: but by day no change was seen,—no one but Effie and her grandmother.

One night—one calm, soft autumn night—a

piercing shriek rung through the wood !—once only was it heard by a passing peasant ; yet it thrilled and echoed with such fearful sharpness, that it froze the very life-blood, and he who heard it dared not even approach the spot from whence it issued. In the deep silence that succeeded, there was something too appalling to be trespassed on. He returned to his home ; and the next morning repairing to the spot, the old woman was seen seated at the foot of the great white stone beside the well ; her hands clasped, her eyes wild and tearless, her cloak half off, and her hair floating loosely on her shoulders, her cap and bonnet gone. They spoke to her, but she answered them not. They shook her—bid her speak—but she neither heard nor spoke. They asked for Effie. Then she looked up, and said,—“ *Lost !*” It was a short word ; but its utter hopelessness sunk deep in her hearers’ hearts.

Then all at once she started up, trembled from head to foot, tossed her long arms on high, and

shouted loudly,—Effie ! *dear* Effie !”—then suddenly darting from them she rushed wildly to her cottage, whither they did not follow ; and she was seen no more until the ensuing morning : when a figure was noticed leaning against the stone by the side of the well, one arm clasped around it, the other concealing the face in the folds of an old red mantle. The wasted form and streaming hair were not to be mistaken. The neighbours hastened towards the place, and spoke kindly, and would have comforted the bereaved old woman. But it was *too late* !—that solitary heart beat no more,—with grief it had broken !

As the cloak fell from the powerless hand, it disclosed the awful secret. The once flashing eyes were now fixed and glassy—the lips compressed and stiffly calm, were cold and colourless ! death was there,—had marbled that haggard face, and clutched within his stern cold grasp, the blighted, sorrow-stricken heart of the poor old woman.

The peasants, shocked and affected at the sight, removed the body ; with difficulty they detached the stiffened arm from the stone, and bore her to the cottage. There, on the little table before an old arm-chair, was the mysterious volume. It was *an English Bible* ; and on it was a paper, in which was written in a clear and firm hand,

“ Bury me at the well.”

Permission was sought immediately, and there she was laid, according to her last request. At the foot of the stone her body was placed, and wept over by many, touched by her misfortune and melancholy end, and who came to pay the last tribute of respect to their solitary and mysterious neighbour.

The interior of the cottage was found in the neatest order ; but there was nothing that could throw a light on the melancholy occurrence. A heap of burnt paper lay upon the hearth ; and the absence of every article of clothing, sent the mind on a sad search to guess at the heart-rend-

ing truth. All that had passed was repeated and commented on, till the most fearful tales were spread concerning the occurrence ; all that had ever been said or heard, came forth to spread its testimony ; till at length the most sturdy-hearted refused to pass the spot after dark ; and even in the “ gairish eye of day,” the whistle was hushed,—the steps hurried, and many a fearful glance cast towards the well, as the wood was crossed by the timid peasant.

No wonder, then, that the Domaillerie so soon fell into decay, and that Dubois gladly parted with it to the owner of the Woodland estate, who built the present cottage. He built it, it is true : but has never yet persuaded a *native* to inhabit it. It is said that a tall figure, with white streaming hair and a long cloak is seen leaning against the stone at certain times of the night, and that voices and unearthly sounds are heard at the well. This has caused the desertion of the sacred fount ; for, since that time, no one has presumed to draw its waters, or to

touch one flower—one leaf,—of the magnificent magnolia that overhangs it. St. George's holy well is now the only spring in repute ; St. Mary's is avoided with terror,—shunned with dread,—left to its natural ruin, and totally neglected.—Do you wonder, that, with twilight advancing, we were glad to hurry away from the Domailierie cottage ?

THINKING of the ghosts and the goblins, kept us disturbed all night. We were anxious to know that our gentle Effie—our eldest girl—slept safe in her bed :—there is nothing strange that there should be no rest for the poor old woman ! It seems to us that the jar and the *vibration* of that horrid moment must ever remain in the bones ! We feel that were such our loss we could shriek the name of Effie to be heard from one end of the island to the other ! It is a mercy that the human frame can only bear so much—and no more !

Asomething to do has made us early risers ; and this morning we are up at a quarter to six—before the gun has bestirred himself. The clouds over Jethrou are beginning to be tinged with a bright

golden edge:—as Borrow says, “just the dull light—then the streak—then the bright blush,—till at last the golden disk of that orb which giveth day, emerged from the abyss of immensity, and in a moment the whole prospect was covered with brightness and glory. The land smiled—the waters sparkled,—the birds sung, and men arose from their resting-places and rejoiced ; for it was day, and the sun was gone forth on the errand of its Creator, the diffusion of light and gladness, and the dispelling of darkness and sorrow.” And yet we take all this on faith, and leave the poets alone to give their sketch from Nature.

“ Day !

Faster and more fast

O’er night’s brim day boils at last,

Boils, pure gold, o’er the cloud-cups’ brim,

Where sparkling and suppressed it lay.—

For not a froth-flake touched the rim

Of yonder gap in the solid grey

Of eastern cloud an hour away,—

But forth one wavelet then another curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose—reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.”

It is the first time since here we have been, that we have known where the sun lodged; and the knowledge is worth the getting up for. Ships are going out and coming in, but no signal given: so we suppose it is the etiquette, that as all business closes when the sun sets, so nothing official begins until the sun has risen.

Now there is a broad fringe of gold round the clouds. Surely the gunner—as well as the gun—has overslept himself. The clock at St. Peter's strikes—six. I would have said, but “*bome!*” went the gun. Strange to say, this really is the first time in my life I ever saw the sun rise;—and how hastily it does its work! Here it is! a large blazing ball bursting from behind the cloud that had, as it were, decked itself out in gaudy best to do it homage. Yes, gloriously it rises exactly in the centre of Jethrou!

It has put out my eyes in gazing upon it,—all the house is asleep—lights at night, and asleep in the morning ! what a perversion of money and of taste !

And yet with all this bright sparkle round, sorrow still clogs the heart at the recollection of our last evening's tale. Where went Effie ? What could have become of her ? is a question to which it pains one to give the answer. We confess *our* commiseration rests with the poor old woman. *One* treasure only—and *that one treasure lost !* For Effie, whatever her fate, youth is a day *of hope*,—and where hope is, it fills up that sickening vacuum, left otherwise for *despair*. If she went with her own *free will*,—so much the more must she have grieved : if through the lawless resolve of another, any suffering is better to be borne than that of a guilty conscience ; —*remorse has no remedy*.

“ Friendship betrayed—affection unreturned ;
Love with despair—grief in agony.”

“What was it?” we ask; and thus do we ring the changes. “Where could Effie have gone?” “Who could have taken her away?” yet coming to no decision in the end. And so with nothing else to disturb us, we ponder and dwell over the legend of the Holy Well.

—————“To each his sufferings;—

All—are men condemned alike to groan,

The feeling for another’s pain—the unfeeling for his own.”

But in Guernsey there is *no* pain: when you find you can live on three hundred a-year sumptuously, and on two hundred a-year sparingly, “base is the slave that *grieves*.” And we are sure that in Guernsey, with Guernsey ideas,—and it is ever our neighbour’s “bushel” that is the mark and measure of our own,—in Guernsey three hundred a-year will go as far as one thousand in England.

You would keep your carriage? No: no one keeps their carriage: the thing is rare: a sort of show—a Mr. Sams driving into a town, even to

see such a thing. An airing in a fly, where you can view your bounds all round, is really quite sufficient for a drive; so as you would not wish to make yourself particular, you could do very well without your carriage.

Then, wine? Oh yes, wine, as much as you please; but you will find, with the cheapness, the *gusto* disappears. At the suppers we have joined—and this among the “sixties”—there is plenty of wine; yet there it stands,—no one seems to care for it. We know what a rush our young men make among the bottles and glasses in England; but the Guernsey “gents.,” as we grieve to state they *do* sometimes call themselves, are hungry, from dining early, and cakes and fruit are consumed instead. Wine is in Guernsey of no consideration: in England we drink it with our friends, to show that we have no desire to spare our money; but here it is the same as in France,—merely looked on as a fluid,—table-beer, or toast-and-water:—and this, with a small income, is a great point gained.

Guernsey is very much England, divested of its folly:—as though it had shot across the channel, leaving all its nonsense behind;—its outside—its “*fine*” side—taken off, all the better for coming down to essentials; and these the Guernsey folks have—but nothing else.

And what do we want else? *We* want everything else: but then our neighbour has them.

But what care you for your neighbour?

Why, we *do* care very much, because it seems so strange!

What seems strange?

That we cannot do the same.

And what is your neighbour's income?

Oh, twice as much as ours!

And still you keep pace?

To be sure! that is the beauty of the thing!

Yes, the “beauty,” it is true; but is it not the root of the toil, and the care, and the shifts, and the tricks; as Patroclus says,

“Ye gods! with what agility he dives,”

who in England attempts to *show* the most, with a small income ; peace is gone, and the worm is engendered in the breast,—the worm, alas ! which never dies.

Now, in Guernsey there is nothing of this ; they have swerved little here from the manners in which our forefathers lived ; they have a good house, and plenty to eat and to drink, dress well and use hospitality—nothing more—towards their neighbours ; in short, they live, as, in our *beau ideal* of the case, a yeoman is *supposed* to live in England.

Then does he not ?

Oh no ; he has already done with common sense, and is straining his point to the pitch of his neighbours. The squire sends his sons to college, so he must assuredly send his also ; and what have *his* girls done, he would very much like to know, when the squire's daughters have set the example, that they should not also spend their winter at Brighton ?

And then he is morose and disagreeable ; and

when he dies, his family wonder not, for they find it is the old story,—the poor man was embarrassed in his circumstances—knew not which way to turn—so sunk into a premature grave, for very shelter from his difficulties.

Oh, England! when will your *tiers état* learn to have a little sense—a little more humanity towards themselves? The really great do nothing of this—the really little do nothing of this: it is the centre only—the *bodkin* in the carriage—which pushes itself forward, and is troubled by those who sit by the side of it.

“ Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight ;
To joy, each heightened charm it can impart,
But wraps the hours of woe in tenfold night :
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, or dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.”

THANKS to Beattie, you call this ignis-fatuus by the right name,—*you* call it fancy : we have been visiting the blame of all our rose-coloured disappointments, to the *imagination*, soothing ourselves, under the idea that, inasmuch as we fancy *pleasure* we do not find, so do our anticipations of *pain*, as Beattie says, equally

escape us. But you—and Beattie—lay it down in so workmanlike a manner, that at once the matter is explained.

And so you have been misled by the visions of your own mind, as well as ourselves, and where you have expected romantic scenery, rocks and green trees, you have found houses instead—good substantial houses, and metropolitan finery. It is now a stormy day whilst we write; the sea looks rough, and the Brunswick steamer, just come in, appears fluttered, and seems to wish herself away. And we can almost answer to ourselves which is best, the what we have here found, or the utopian land—all hill and dale—that we had imagined; and that the dull, water drinking place you talk of, is better than rough scenery, tempting you to be romantic. Indisposition is so *real* a care, it requires all the tame realities of a comfortable house to surround and shelter it; and no doubt you find, as we do, that, bad as a place may be, we at last not only get reconciled, but learn to like it. How rarely

is it we love at sight ! places, as well as people, must become known before they are dear to the heart, and essential to our comfort. When we *picture* what we love, we fancy it must be perfection ; when we *feel* what we love, it becomes a puzzle to ourselves. No wonder that love is mute !

“ She never told her love.”

The secret is disclosed ! take our word, the young lady was ashamed of it ;—not ashamed of her love,—that would be anomalous to the passion,—but that the object, though far more charming in her eyes, was not the Apollo Belvidere, or perfect Antinous which her fancy represented.

The Grange Road, which at first appeared the essence of cockney pride, now seems a desirable place of abode ; so much so, that we cease to wonder there are no houses to let. Yet, with all its advantages, people will change their residences at times ; therefore the best method for a new comer is, at once to advertise in one of the Guernsey papers (the insertion costs a shil-

ling); for, as there is no house-agent in the island, the business as to house letting and taking is done in this manner. House-rent is dear, in comparison with other things,—*in the season*; but, by the year, a residence might be procured much under the rent we should give for the same description of house in England. We have been offered an excellent house for the winter for one pound a week. It is true it has no garden attached to it; but this, we think, is no loss; it spares the pain of seeing more weeds than gardeners,—more acres than means. There are being built many houses of this economical sort, which will be ready in time, and will be a great advantage to strangers. Yet always recollect there is nothing strange here,—it is but *England over the way*; it is easy to take a lodging for a week, and then suit yourself at leisure with a residence.

THERE is nothing in the world we dislike so much as sight-seeing. The free volition of the walk is destroyed, and if you are lionised by friends, they think you are disappointed unless you finish up every word with a note of admiration. We do not like sight-seeing. Yet it is *gauche* and savage to have visited a strange land, and to have nothing to say of what you have seen : for if you have seen nothing, any little slate-bothered urchin will tell you that nothing can come of nothing.

We talk in England of our thatched cottages. Here they also thatch ; but it is, as it were, a kind of macintosh put over the tiles : so it seems to us. The thatch is thin, and tiles edge the front ; it therefore looks, in fact, like a tiled house

thatched. If they do put the tiles under, it must save a great deal of reed,—*reed*, as it is called in Devon,—straw in Surrey. We do not think the tile mends the appearance—the pleasing appearance—of one of our neatly-thatched cottages in England.

But, alas, alas, the English thatched cottage, as well as a great many other good old English things—the countryman's dress, to wit—is nearly gone; and in its stead has sprung up a dirty-looking, half-genteel, pick-pocket sort of residence, daubed with inferior cement, sash-windows, and making a very poor attempt at looking genteel. *We* see the *beginning* of these beggarly buildings, and, anticipating the ragged, ruinous state they will assume in the next fifty years, we will extend our pity to those who are to see the end of them.

In Guernsey there is nothing of this. Here the cottages are all built with granite, and of pleasing proportions,—flat and substantial; never sparing their windows, for the window (tax free)

is the least expensive part of the building ; so of the good gift of *light* there is no spare,—a luxury many of our people in England are too poor to avail themselves of.

It seems to us that, with us, all these cottages would soon be turned into gentlemen's dwellings, and the poor turned out into their more suitable poverty-stricken, pasteboard, pigsty, pauper-looking hovels. We often think, as we stand before the cheerful wicket here, that an English family, *really* poor, might spend their days very happily in one of these Guernsey cottages. If they had pride, there would be nothing likely to wound it. Seated, *au couain du faeu*,—around the fire-side,—with all those they loved, and who looked up to them for knowing what is best—and which is so hard to know !—happy would the English family be, who could find themselves in such a position !—their table still decked with the *agrémens* of better days—wine and fruit ; whilst their tea and sugar, so different from the apology of the sort,—the sorry

tea our save-alls get at home, here they would have in perfection. *Avanche donc !* make haste, those who are too poor to prosper in England, and come to this “blest land,” really flowing with milk and honey ! where civilities meet you at every turn, and the high Guernsey family is proud to welcome you, provided you bring with you letters of introduction. This reminds us that, like Fontenelle’s handfull of truths, ours have been brought to light, one by one, from our desk ; and we might already, in the spirit of the Guernsey hospitality, lead very dissipated lives, did we not prefer our walks in the fields, and our lounge on the battery, to evening parties. Yet we are so often asked, “Have you seen the Governor ?” that it has taught us to be curious ; his letter has therefore been among the number presented.

It is plain that there is a decided party against him ; and so much is said by inuendo, and so much apparently kept back, that we regret we have made ourselves so little *au courant* with the affair,

of which the English journals have dealt in so largely. Vain is it to ask what it is all about? for, thinking that you must know the affair as well as themselves, and that this is merely an approved mode of sounding their opinions, the islanders at once become mute, look portentous, open their eyes, close their mouths, and shake their heads with a most Burleigh-like pomposity of manner.

Provoked with this silence and mystery, we said one day to a talkative girl, thinking we should have it all out in our quiet room at home, "Do tell us about this affair with the Governor?"

She looked round alarmed, and then said, "I would, readily, but papa has desired us never to mention the subject."

It seems to us that every one knows of the affair but ourselves, as we dare say *you* will when you read this letter; and we begin to be verily ashamed of our ignorance. We called at the government office for an order to see Castle Cornet, and there the gentleman who received

us, and whom we had met at a party the evening before, after a most heartfelt eulogium on the General, said that he thanked him for having kept him so perfectly clear of the affair.

But what *is* the affair? How sincerely we long for some of the old newspapers, headed, “Guernsey Conspiracy,” to enlighten us on the subject, or to meet with an abridged account. At length we have met with so much—and no more—information. The authorities of Guernsey had tried a native for ill-using an Englishman, —stopping him on the road, and nearly beating him to death. The trial was long, the evidence satisfactorily proved, and the man, nevertheless, found favour enough to be—acquitted. A soldier was then taken up who had offended in a drunken frolic—an English soldier stationed at the barracks; he was tried,—the most made of “the head and front of his offending,” the sentence past,—and he was to have several months’ imprisonment.

Now the General thought that the man was

hardly dealt with ; and, disgusted with the lenity the law had shown towards its own, his generous feelings took the alarm. He follows the proper course of representing the thing at head quarters at home, gets an order of pardon from the Queen, and presents himself at the prison door with the sign-manual in his hand from his sovereign.

“ Let loose the prisoner.”

“ No,” said the gaoler, “ it is not according to order ; no governor has ever taken upon himself such a responsibility before ; and besides—but it is no use arguing the point,”—as a gaoler, he said he could not do it.

“ Then,” said the Governor, “ unless you do, we’ll try the virtue of stones :—unless you instantly release the man, I’ll have down from the barracks a force of soldiers that shall set him at liberty, *vi et armis*.”

The gaoler saw the Governor was in earnest ; so he did as he was bid, yet muttering to himself as he obeyed orders. But the General heeded it

not ; urged on by the warmth of his own generous feelings, he took the soldier by the hand, and led him from the prison.

Now this was a mighty pretty quarrel, as it then stood ; for of course the law took it up directly ; but there were others in the island who tortured the matter about, and set steadily to work to persuade the General that he was about to be the victim of a conspiracy.

Now nobody likes to be shot at as a mark, or to be killed in cold blood ; so the Governor again represented the state of the case at home ; when immediately two transports of faithful allies were sent out to his relief ;—costing the government, it is said, a thousand pounds :—which, when they saw that he was safe, sailed back again to England. The “ black army ” from Lincoln’s Inn, —coming like locusts upon our fruit, when they *eat up all the leaves*, —would have been much more in character ; for the case had assumed a point in law, and the barristers were

to be more busy than the soldiers,—the Queen *versus* the Court of Guernsey.

So it seems that the governor is one of those men, who, when he has gone so far in a thing, right or wrong, is resolved—rather than go back—to battle his way through with it. There is an old story of “so much the better,—so much the worse.” As a general this feeling might, in many cases, prove “so much the better:” as a governor it has, so far, seemed “so much the worse;” for all this brings anxiety with it; and we must ever—right or wrong—pity those who open themselves in any way to anxiety,—there is no sufficient compensation in this world for it.

“What is the Governor like?” We asked, for all we had heard of him only still made us the more desirous of seeing him.

“He is a very handsome man; but if you give five shillings for his clothes, and wish to sell them again, you will find yourself out of pocket by your bargain.” Yet still everything pleased us which we heard of the Governor.

THERE are some very resolute distinctions amid the Guernsey families ; and those of “ the sixties,” as they are termed, will neither mix nor visit with “ the forties.” What the latter means we cannot say ; “ the sixties ” is explained by the statement, that in days of yore, *sixty* of the head families subscribed to build the assembly rooms,—these sixty being all of the native Guernsey persons that were found to have a sufficiency of gentle blood to be allowed to dance in these rooms,—after they had erected them.

This exclusiveness is still maintained, the rooms being private property,—and no stranger is admitted but through the means of a subscriber ; unless it be officers in garrison, or of

King's ships on the station ; their commission—save the mark !—being introduction sufficient. Those who murmur against such a rule as this, are not the ones to prove its want of necessity : we should suspect their complaint, like Apollo's lute when he sung to Daphne,

—————“ etait montée
Un peu trop bas.”

If they bring their introductions they are readily received ; if not, surely it is a duty the élite of the island owe themselves, as well as those strangers who pin their propriety on their sleeve, to keep them at a distance.

But the Governor is more liberal in his notion of things ;—no doubt looking down upon the whole, and classing them but as the colonists,—nay, perhaps, the *niggers* he has met in his travels. “ Him neber see de day !” He could not brook such nonsensical distinctions ; so in a party at the Government-house, he fearlessly brought them—sixties and forties—together.

The result was, that in a moment all their feathers were ruffled; and then they gobbled a little, like the turkeys in a farmyard; and then the sixties lit their lanterns, put on their clogs, and walked away; leaving the ultra-bred Governor—the thorough-bred General—to laugh heartily at the frustration of his well-meant intentions.

All this is very charming! Where is our letter? *Remouque té*—make haste! there is nothing left but to hurry off—*declaquinair*—to pay our respects to Mrs. and the Miss N——s, and to see this charming Hurlo-thumbbo of a general!

A PRETTY walk soon brought us to Havilland Hall—a place so handsomely built that it went very near to ruin the person who erected it:—it is strange that people's ideas should be so very much larger than their purses! It is, we believe, through the interest of Sir James Graham, now the Government residence; and it is a good exchange from the one in the town, which used, heretofore, to satisfy those who held the appointment. We passed by a side entrance through a farmyard, and then into a green vale where the cows were feeding—Guernsey cows! bringing our thoughts back again to home,—our *healthy* thoughts—for the pain seemed gone—and only the pleasing recollection remained, and among these were our handsome Guernsey cows! The

scenery of this vale looked very French ; why, we cannot tell ; but it did ; and the flight of stone steps, by which we ascended the very steep and woody hill upon which the mansion is placed, added greatly to the impression.

Turning round a plantation of these trees, we came at once upon the Hall ; ascended the marble steps of the superb portico, and rang the bell. A little page in a very neat livery answered it, and peeped through the door, which was almost too heavy on its hinges for the little waiting-man to open. Mrs. N—— we were told was in England—the Governor taking a morning ride with the young ladies.

We felt disappointed as we turned away from the door ; and longed to go in and look round as we would at Fernay or Apsley :—all public men are the same : we want to peep at them in their *sanctums* ;—for does not the sanctum explain the very thoughts, words, and deeds, of the being who inhabits it ? But as the page kept

guard like a sentinel, and did not invite us in, we could only allow our cards to have the privilege : so we turned and looked about : it was all very handsome, but very *Irish* ; and which is, to us, an appearance extremely depressing to the spirits. What do we mean, you will ask, when we say this place looked to us *very Irish*. We are aware no Irish person will understand what we mean ; yet we dare say every English one will. For ourselves, we never went into the residence of an Irish family, were they poor or rich, but we instantly detected this *national* look. It is, as it were, as though the ends of everything were ragged. What do we mean ? Why, if everything is handsome and good, the ends of these things are ragged. If there is a fine drive up to the house, the ends,—especially the sides—are ragged. If there are flowers, the baskets and bunches are ragged. If there is a livery servant, it may be all very well ; but look closely into him, and you will be sure to find something ragged : ad-

mitting, at the same time, that the English spend too much of their fortune in being hyper-particular. This is an episode, to amuse us by the way; nevertheless we cannot but admit we were very disappointed in not seeing the Governor.

Do you know where Guernsey is ? We dare say you do : but do you know that it is in sight of the French coast ? Cherburg forming the distant line of horizon between Herm and Jethrou ; it is sixty miles from St. Malo. Guernsey was formerly called *La bien heureuse ile Sainte*—the Holy Island. No, that we are sure you did not know—unless you have read its history. But you have other books to read than these ; so let us tell you that it was so named by the monks who came to the island in the year 996 ; but even before the Christian era it was famous for its sanctity, and dedicated to Saturn, or Gwyn : or as Cæsar has it, to *Dis Pater Dieu le Père*. It is also called *Sarnia*, and moreover, *Granoria*, or the Isle of Wells.

Since the time of William the Conqueror it has always been under the English crown, but keeping the privilege of its own Norman laws and government; a free trade with all countries, and a total exemption from taxes. The sovereign of England cannot make a new law, or abolish any of the established customs, though it is reserved to secure the decision in all civil cases where an appeal is made from the judgment of the court. You will know all this when we tell you; but do you ever assimilate Guernsey and England together? No, certainly not; and yet they are one and the same place; to live in Guernsey is to live in the very choicest part of England.

The climate is certainly warmer here than we have it at home; we, who freeze all the summer through, at our sea-side in Devon, when, as Horace Walpole says, "the season sets in with its usual severity," bask in this dry summer sun. We are not very learned in these things, but it seems to us that *soil* must have a great deal to

do with climate. Here it is dry and healthful, with no *crevice* for malaria to arise ; granite—granitel—gneiss, crossed and intersected by veins of quartz and of felspar, form the foundation of the soil :—there is learning for you ! but here it ends, for how the pasturage manages to luxuriate as it does, we cannot tell :—there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *our* philosophy, that is very certain. They tell us it is also warmer here in winter, than it is in England : this we *can* understand. There is, we think, no truth in the statement that the climate is humid and relaxing ; it has, to us, more the dry feel of the atmosphere on the continent. Persons in delicate health find considerable benefit from a residence here ;—a sort of midway to the south of France ; we think the climate is decidedly finer than we have it in England.

The arable, pasture, orchard and garden land—for, as we have said, there are no “ grounds”—is estimated at about ten thousand English acres,

divided into very small farms, containing from about thirty to a hundred vergées. The Guernsey vergée is forty perches; and two vergées and a half are rather more than one English acre. This they certainly make the most of; not a foot of ground is lost—even in the hedges. The land is usually manured with sea-weed, which they call *vraic*; and they also burn it for fuel in winter:—indeed, so important is this article in the island, that certain restrictions specified in the ordinances of the court are laid upon the time and manner of its appropriation. Poor people, who possess neither horse nor cart, are allowed to cut it during the first eight days of the first spring-tide after Easter, provided that they carry it on their backs from the rocks to the beach. At St. Germain en Laye the women have this privilege in regard to the wood of the forest: they come out sinking with their burdens, and their husbands stand ready to relieve them at the gates. Here it is a merry-making time when the general season

arrives for cutting the sea-weed. Hundreds of country people come from all parts and collect upon the beach, when as the tide ebbs they scatter themselves over the bays—some on horse-back—some on foot—wading out as far as possible to the detached rocks, all provided with small bill-hooks—sending it off in heaps back to the shore, the young ones, who cannot cut it, being employed in helping to carry it:—and where the young are, there is sure to be fun and merriment: falling about on the slippery weed, and getting up amid peals of laughter.

At the close of day, when the tide has again come to its height, the labourers driven back to the sandy beach, conclude their work—among the juvenile part—by a general bathing, hand in hand the whole string, alternately men and women,—each securing the hand they love best, when they walk into the sea as far as they can, and splash and duck each other, screaming, and laughing, and scolding. This done, they return home to a supper of dried limpets and aumers.

The *vraic venant* is not gathered in the same manner ; it is mostly done in rough weather, when the boisterous waves having torn it from the rocks, it is cast upon the beach, and dragged in by rakes, beyond the reach of the sea ; thus is it called *vraic venant* ; the *vraic scié*, because this is cut from the rock with a reaping-hook. It has been ascertained that nearly twenty-four thousand loads of *vraic venant*, each worth two shillings ; and about twelve hundred loads of *vraic scié*, each worth twelve shillings, are yearly collected on this coast, the value of which may be calculated at about three thousand pounds sterling. This is, indeed, getting treasure from the vasty deep !”

WITH Castle Cornet ever before us, looking even more picturesque in the twilight and moonlight, than in the broad sun-shining day, we have not lost our desire to pay it a visit ;—but it was no use to wait for the low tide, for before we could all become of one accord to wet our shoes, the sea had again covered the rocks, and the visit deferred for that morning. But to-day we hired a boat—the May-flower—George Green—(the same person, the children protest, spoken of in the story told by Mrs. Fenwick—George Green, who had his book torn through carelessness)—and, embarking from the rocks, we were soon rowed over to the Castle—the ancient fortress—so well planted on its granite foundation—built by Raoul de Valmont, a go-

vernor sent to Guernsey by Henry the Second, when contesting the crown with Stephen.

In 1672 the castle was struck by lightning, when Lord Hatton, the governor, was miraculously saved, though his wife, and mother, and all the servants, were killed. His two sisters were preserved,—a beam falling so as to prop the roof of their room ; and his two infant children were also uninjured ; the one found in the arms of its dead nurse, the other in its cradle. Does not this give us a peep into the good old patriarchal times?—the three generations living together ! In our days, even the wife might think such a residence a little too exposed for her health ; indeed, did you but see the place, you would confess they were in no way so particular in studying their comforts formerly, as we are at present.

An artillery soldier met us at the gate ; and whilst he took our order to the gunner, we walked through a prolonged archway of stone to the first court, and from thence up a flight of

steps into his family apartment. His wife—an Irishwoman—on our saying how excellently they were housed, began to complain directly ; informing us she had ten children, and very little to keep them with : and there they all were—a little regiment in themselves—drawn out to storm our compassion !—the eldest of them at a washing-tub, who told us she was going to service on the morrow. The mother only opened her mouth to drop out “ frogs and toads ” of complaint. We hope for her husband’s sake she does not indulge in this always. The children, however, had a few “ diamonds and pearls ” at command, in the shape of merry words and happy smiles ; and there was a tender infant asleep on the bed, with its little hand commodiously held out for charity. I put a franc-piece in it to stop the mother’s tongue—and it succeeded.

The first thing that struck us as very goth, was a rough sentry-box inside the gate, formed of granite, and well protected from *the weather*—

as we thought ; but we soon found that Castle Cornet had to protect itself against more deadly foes than the elements might bring. And there is something very—*inspiring* we had almost said—we must have meant *dreadful*—in thus seeing the preparation for war, and the care that is used to protect man against man.

The soldier again met us as we left his room ; and we said, “ Supposing we had not brought an order, would you have let us in ? ”

The man looked in our face, and answered kindly, “ I should have begged hard for you, before the gunner should have turned you away.” So we saw who was the “ great gun ” of the place ;—indeed the gunner and the soldier are the only official persons employed here.

When fully armed, the castle mounts upwards of fifty pieces of cannon, and has both artillery and infantry barracks, and store-houses within its walls. A spring of good water—furnaces for red-hot shot connected with every battery—bomb-proof apartments for three hundred men—and

magazines sufficiently capacious and properly secured to contain three hundred barrels of gunpowder.

The outward ramparts were built in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and continued by various governors down to the reign of Charles the First; and as each engineer has followed his own peculiar views in the successive additions, there seems little uniformity of plan; so that it is one heterogeneous mass of offence and defence, and yet not strong enough for the present day idea of security; for the soldier told us they are immediately going to thicken the walls; for which purpose thirty thousand pounds has been provided by government, and to build a new breastwork outside, to mount more guns, and to meet an angular part:—a flat court, called “the cockpit,” to be raised for the same purpose.

This looks really like war, and as though they were about to cry “havock!” And yet, as with all other *dreads*, we fancy war may be more dreadful in the idea than in the reality. In passing up

the flight of stone steps, and through the strong-spiked gates, we could immediately realise the impression, that the fear would be for our children—not for ourselves : but, then, soldiers ought to have no children.

In looking at the castle from our windows, we had often thought how much we should like to reside in it—to feel like Queen Mary at Lochleven—anything for a poetical association : the barracks appeared well-built, with a sunny aspect ; this, and being rent-free, with all the poetry *besides*, might make it a very happy residence. We told our cicerone—the soldier—of our wish ; and asked him if he thought it possible to be obtained ? He said he thought it might—with interest.

“ Well, then, we know Sir James Graham enough to ask the favour ; but we fear it would be a bad precedent ; and that Sir James would be pestered by all his houseless friends, one after another, to find them a shelter in Castle Cornet ? ”

But the soldier was not to be so cast down : in a moment he took our interest to heart ; and said, “ It might be supposed you were a relation of his honour’s ; and then there could be nothing to say aneant it.”

It was all very well to talk of : but the fortress is in an exceedingly ruinous state ; although there is every capability of making it a most habitable residence : a tank of rain-water, with a most awful echo !—and a pump of hard-water ; and, besides—depending on ourselves for it—that peace which the world cannot give,—and which (the sea would keep guard) the world should not take away.

At the magazine the soldier told us that no steel buttons are worn by the artillery—but brass instead ; and that they are forbidden to carry knives. We then came to the solitary walk, where the soldiers were allowed to take the air when in disgrace. In this place there is one desolate pear-tree—the only tree or shrub of any kind in the fortress,—looking quite as lonely as

the walk itself—just as though it were a prisoner.

We then came to the bomb-proof apartment for reserved troops, as the soldier explained it, from whence as one is killed, another comes forth and takes his place. It was a dark arched room, with a fire-place at the end; there was some point from whence the light came, but it only served to make “darkness visible.” This opened into another room, for more reserved troops and stores; leading again to a further hiding-place, as the soldier said, “to stow aside the women and children out of sight, in case of being obliged to hide them away, till we could be in a position to bring them out again.”

We read of all this; and in viewing such scenes we quietly walked through—silent—all but Charlie, the dog, who happening to have his foot trodden on in the dark, set up a most piteous howl, thereby adding to the appalling influence of the place. We should like to have remained there alone, and to have settled in

our own mind what must those women's feelings have been, who in past days have been shut up there, whilst their husbands have been fighting without ! Not so bad, we dare say, as it seems ; if it were, surely they must there have died.— We fear, when it once comes down to this extreme, there is a feeling of self-gratulation when all is well ;—when it is *not* well, the grief is come—and there is nothing left—but to abide by it.

We could have remained longer in these bomb-proof places, but the children did not like them so well as ourselves ; so we ascended to the flag-staff battery—the highest position of all—rejoicing under a glowing sun. Here was something to be done ; the telegraph at Fort George proclaimed a steamer in sight, and no notice from the castle !—the soldier had been talking to us. In an instant up went the signals ! A flag—and two leathern balls—filled with shavings—for there were now two steamers in sight. With our minds wound up to take the impression—it felt like a siege to witness the momentary

bustle!—for it seems that besides having to hoist the union-jack on Sundays and national festivals, and whenever a Queen's ship approaches or leaves the island, there is also a signal-post kept at the expense of the inhabitants of St. Peter's Port, which announces the steamers as they come in and go out. We are getting very *au fait* in these affairs from our windows. “Is the steamer in?” “Yes; come and gone; we can see by the signals.”

The flag-staff battery is the highest ground in the castle; and here also there is work to be done—the breastwork is to be raised to the height of a man. We fear if it comes to war, the guns will be even more cunning in these enlightened times, than they were heretofore. And yet how harmless and picturesque they look!—very like a lion lounging in its cage!—“very like a whale!” The sixty-eighth pounder, on a swivel, merely seems placed there as an elevated seat to enable us to look over the bright blue

sea towards France—reminding us of the old distitch—

“ Use me well and keep me clean,
And I'll carry safe to Calais Green.”

In our descent we saw the hospital,—like all the rest, dreadfully out of repair ; and then, up a great many steps, rather apart from the rest, in the olden, and therefore the most picturesque part of the edifice, stood the prison ; looking much more like a scene in a melo-drama, than anything we have ever before seen in reality. A flight of rude, jagged, ruinous steps, leading to the prison-door—only to the prison !—This prison, perched on the top of a high castle wall—its immense expanse of view—looking down on the deep sea on one side, on the other to the solitary court where culprits were hanged in the time of the Normans :—its massive padlocked-door—its grated windows—the narrow confines of those prison walls !—keeping so close the

body, the mind—the soul—still wending its flight! Alas, the body had not far to go!—for down these steps, and across the grassy court, lies the condemned cell; from which again up a few even more ruinous steps, is the place above, where the corpse was placed—after being brought from execution.

And there was the court they had to pass, through a line of soldiers on each side;—a short walk to the gallows. Poor fellows! we were the first to comfort ourselves by observing, “Well, if a man is bad, the sooner he is removed from the rest, the better.”

The intelligent soldier heard us, and said, “Ah, ma’am! that’s all very true;—but you do not know what it is to lose a comrade!—how hard it is to look on!”

We all turned round, and asked him if he had ever seen an execution? No, he had not; but he had seen a comrade flogged.

“And what did you do?”

“Why, I had enough to do in carrying away

the young officers, who fainted in looking on : this kept me employed ;—so I saw as little of it all as I possibly could.”

There was something very much above the common in the soldier’s manner and mode of speaking, and in the way he did the honours of the castle. We asked him his name ; it was John M’Kenna, royal artillery ; and he did not forget to remind us, as we left the fort—even before we had given him his fee—that he was sure if we asked Sir James Graham to let us live in the castle, “ he would agree to it with all the pleasure in the world !—His honour could have no possible objections.”

But the looking at the castle from the Esplanade, and the living within its walls, are very different things. “ You are left alone there—left alone with the universe ; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance ; by night the great deep heaven with its stars !”—and besides this, the sea, like the Midgard snake—the great world serpent, tail in mouth,

encircling you round ! So we begin to think there are readier modes of getting into a prison, than pestering Sir James Graham.

On our return home we had a visit from the Miss N——s—very delightful and ladylike persons ; and leaving the Governor's card. In our survey of the castle we did not forget to pay our compliments to our well-beloved gun, as it reposed on its sunny battery — harmless and peaceful—like a tame, sleeping thing !

“ Bang ! ”—even as we write—it tells us the day's work is done. There is something very charming in our dearly-loved gun !—seeming a thing of life :—it awakes us in the morning ; and would hint to us now, that it is time to prepare for rest ;—all very well, Mister Gun, for your own old-fashioned notions ! The sea is looking blue, with its curling waves ; and there is “ the least taste in the world ” of the moon !—its glimmer setting forth the dark outline of the castle. Yet we still question whether a residence there would do ? Chivalry and romance are very well

in idea ; a comfortable lodging-house is perhaps better in reality. The moon is just glancing on the high prison tower !—Yes, our mind is thoroughly made up ;—we will not trouble Sir James Graham.

TO-DAY we are expecting —— from home, and every eye is busy watching the signal-post at the castle, and each one is ready to proclaim that the steamer is seen in the distance. These are so punctual to time, that we have but a short while to wait under the excitable state of expectation. It is soon decided, our friend is come—or he is not. The passengers are landed who wish to be put on shore, and the steamer paddles off to Jersey,—and all done in the short space of half an hour.

“ What a’ the steer, Kimmer—what’s a’ the steer ? ”

But there are more steamers than come from England ; and the children ask as they approach, in the same manner they would if they heard a

carriage rattling to the door, "I wonder if that is ——— ?"

"That black thing ! certainly not ; it is the dear old steamer from Weymouth, true to its time as the rail-road trains in England." And the *Ariadne* has also landed her passengers, and is paddling her way towards Jersey ; the flag at the castle signal is half-mast high, to denote that she has been,—and gone—

"But now she's come and gone,

They call her the wandering darling.

Oh, this love—this love !"

And a darling she really is ! her streamers and her curling smoke flying in the air ;—the splash of her paddle-wheels looking so joyous and light ! This is on a fine day : on a stormy one there is something awful to see the creature come in—still *almost* at her stated time—and the *almost* even makes it more terrible still—looking like a great black witch, that has mastered the elements ! It will not do, we find, to expect those

we love *by sea*;—let those who *do* love, herd together as deer—even in this world's range:—the sea is a stubborn barrier—too stubborn a one!—we will return to England. To look at its tossing waves, we can see that the risk is great!—it is like leaving our friends in Dante's mountain of purgatory,—in the ocean of the other hemisphere,” with nothing to reach us by, but the bridge, the thickness of a razor, talked of in Southey's *Thalaba*. The lesson of the day explains what we would say.

“They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep: for at his word the stormy wind ariseth which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven—and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end, so that when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their dis-

tress ; for he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still ; then are they glad because they are at rest, and so he bringeth them into the haven where they would be. O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men. Whoso is wise will ponder these things, and they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.”

It is fearful indeed to expect friends in such weather !—and we were glad when the last steamer had “ come and gone ”—come safe and gone safe ! yet were we thankful in being sure that ——— was safe in England. This is the first restless night—the first unhappy day we have passed since here we have been ! Such are the thorns that will strew themselves among the sweetest flowers ! It is a great pity—yet so it must be ; for having no desire to run the risk of being hanged for manslaughter—we really must return to England. In this unsettled state, and cold with watching from the windows—sleeping

restlessly—and rising very early in the morning, we went to St. Peter's Church—where we heard, with tears in our eyes, and trepidation at our hearts, the lesson for the day, we have just transcribed.

ST. PETER'S is the garrison church, and the English service is performed by the garrison chaplain. It is said that all the prettiest ladies of the island come here to pray; to us they seem *all* pretty:—we never saw so many pretty women in our lives! The Guernsey face is a very ladylike face—combined of the neat features of French, and the expression and complexion of the English. St. Peter's, the parochial church, of gothic architecture, is built entirely of granite. There are many points in it very attractive;—the porch on the north side, with its pointed arch and deep archivolt mouldings of granite; as well as the massive pillars which support the tower and the arched roof of the aisles—there is

something very peculiar in them from their being formed of what is technically called *dressed* granite. In 1821, when the church underwent repair, in laying open the north-east chapel, an ancient *niche* was discovered, and also a baptismal font of shell-marble, with its pillar—of the exact shape of those they form in our modern churches; it was found buried under the steps leading to the ecclesiastical court.

We were curious to see the embroidered velvet ornaments for the communion-table, spoken of as being the gift of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The cushions in the pulpit, and the reading-desk, are of the same material, and are most superbly beautiful! It was originally brought to the island by the mother of the present Earl, on its way to a Roman Catholic chapel in England; but velvet from Genoa then being contraband goods, it was left in the custody of the Mansell family; until the present Earl being written to on the subject, most munificently made a present of it to the church; although

the prohibition of the Customs was then removed. Its value is estimated at three hundred pounds ; but in its beauty—its classic design—three thousand would not seem too high a price for it. Had Lord Shaftesbury once *seen it*, we are sure the church of St. Peter's never would have had that felicity. We think we *never* saw anything so beautiful !—so much so, that, not piquing ourselves on our descriptions—which is as much an art as putting the French polish on our furniture—we almost feel it sacrilege to touch upon the subject. We can best describe it by saying, it is just the thing the most holy would put down at the foot of the altar :—it is like a rose—a honey-comb—a finished work—and not irreverently be it spoken—the Creator would make himself—or cause to be made—a thing wonderfully perfect !—without flaw—nothing to add—nothing to take away :—a pattern worked in gold, on rich crimson Genoa velvet :—but such a pattern !

We stayed till the last ; and only left the church as the door was closed. We felt thankful

in heart that our visiter had not come. It was an escape from danger. “ If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little ; for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity.” What could we do better than to empty our purse—of very modest proportions—into the poor-box ? We did so : and as we dropt our offering in, the children said,

“ The money you put in the poor’s-box, by chance you might have again.”

“ How ? Do you think when the box is opened at the end of the year, we may require it ?” And as we asked the question, we felt all the *mal-aise* of an embryo pauper.

“ We mean, when the box is opened, and the money spread about, we may have change ; and again get your own.”

“ Oh, *that* is what you mean ?” feeling quite relieved ; for we do not like ill augurs. “ Perhaps we *may* have it again ; and we shall have no possible objection, under those circumstances.”

And yet a story had immediately sprung up in our ideas, almost ready for Colburn, with a little bodily exertion; of how a charitable lady—amiable and interesting—had put her money into this said box; and in the course of a year's reverses which had unexpectedly come upon her, she had again received, in charity, the identical piece of money she had put in! Were this worked up into an “over true tale,”—“a full and particular account,”—we are sure it would please. This is not the age for fiction; such a romand is passed. We would rather hear, now-a-days, of the cook going into the kitchen—skinning her eel, and the way she *thought* the most approved fashion of so doing. All such thoughts, as the Review says, “having a touch of nature must be popular. In our ignorance of most of what is passing in each other's minds, we press forward, full of sympathy and curiosity wherever an opening is made at which we can look in. To create this attraction, it is not necessary that the persons should be important,

or the events dramatic." Oh, brave Edinburgh Review! Let us reckon, in the vernacular, how many words this is for this leading idea—how many for ourselves!

IN the evening we went to Bethel Chapel,—a small building erected in 1791, by an Independent congregation, and purchased in 1796 under the authority of an order in council as an episcopal chapel of ease. It is a kind of building very much like an English provincial theatre, and gave us in a moment the full assurance that the minister—the respected and superior A—— C——, is very much too good—not for his calling—but for the chapel in which he does duty. “Muttons,” with a pair of snuffers doled out to each of the pews, perhaps, impress one with this idea ; and though religion is in no-wise the worse for this humble entertainment, yet it gives one the impression of “the earth earthly.”

It is nowhere ordained that the Almighty is

to be so approached ; as Hooker says, “ touching God himself, hath he anywhere revealed that it is his delight to dwell beggarly ? ” This is a religious talking age, but the Almighty will have something else, we suspect, besides talking ; and we are very certain no one of the congregation would have entered into conversation with an every day acquaintance, and have permitted such lights as these to glimmer on the interview. Why not, therefore, see what their joint means would do towards illuminating the house of God in the manner it ought to be lighted ? As we have said before, the clergyman, in his mild superiority, looked too gentlemanly for his congregation. We will hope, in his instance, the promise will be fulfilled, and that “ he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

The clerk sits at a distance ; and we just hear his voice in the responses as a tame echo. We think he was standing at the entrance :—we cannot say ; but it seemed strange so to hear him utter these responses. A thief in the candle

behind us—sputter—sputter ! The pew was empty, and we feared it might ignite some part of our dress. If nothing better than these “ kitchen candles ” can be forthcoming, it is praiseworthy ;—if something superior could be afforded, it is a reproach. We take such matters too coolly in these days ;—for ourselves we are too regal ; for our churches, we make use of a little square bit out of Scripture to suit our purpose ; and build them as plain as our Unions.

All these people, as we have said,—this congregation—would have felt it a duty they owed themselves to have done honour to their friends with more expense and ceremony ; yet praying to God for all they want—thanking Him for all they receive, they yet condescend so to let their light shine before men,—such a very apology for light ! that like moths of a summer’s evening, you see all the old people attracted by the candle ; —bobbing their heads—their attention divided between their book and their snuffers.

In the most impressive part of the service the

candle before us chose to sputter and to gutter, and make a great noise ; these candles go on a “ sliding scale ” from one end of the pew to the other, so we each, by turns, took it in hand, hoping to remedy it. But all would not do ; so feeling ourselves virtuously economical, as the prayers were ended, we put it out ; and proud of the humility of the idea, settled ourselves to hear the sermon. To our surprise all the candles were put out ! each pew had extinguished its own, and there were only a few lamps left, by the dim light of which we heard a most excellent sermon.

This will give you an idea of the primeval state of things in some positions in Guernsey ; and yet the lower orders are very much before us in civilisation,—the upper class certainly not very far behind : yet there is something more *arcadian* about them—a peace and prosperity adduced by living within their incomes. It seems, in the vain show of things they will have nothing to do : if they spend their money, it is for what they require, not for vanity

or ornament;—they seem to have learnt the lesson, live on what you have — live if you can on less;—do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure: the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret.

And yet they dress well, and their houses are fitted up in good taste. It seems as though they had money,—but it is antediluvian money;—money, as it were, coined before the flood. You see that every one is following the good old antideluge rule of never exceeding their means:—this is the great charm of Guernsey. There is no shuffling to make matters appear better than they are; but instead, the rough, self-helping plan of being as they seem;—no ostentatious pride—no call for humility. Yet well do they know “the respect due unto thee,” and for this they get the bad word of those who wish to be received without proper introductions. But it is a mistake altogether, that Guernsey is the refuge for the destitute and shabby English; we confess we feared this drawback in our highly-tinted *beau*

*idéa*l ! but we find it not. We have seen but one of this description : he knew us, and feared that we should know him : so he hurried past ; and we saw no more of him. His sin is, that he has spent more than he can afford, and is therefore deeply in debt :—as Mandeville says,

———“ Slave to prodigality,
That NOBLE SIN ! ”

How it will fare with him here we cannot say ; for the laws of England hold good in Guernsey ; though we believe they allow a year's liberty before they arrest : but if there is no money, what is the use of this ? they will trust here for three months. We pay every morning for our past day's expenses : it seems to have taken a great deal of ballast off the mind, and the heart dances about like a float in the water. You will excuse these nautical similes, when you remember that the sea is ever spread out before us : even the little one talks of the *forecastle* paws of Charlie, and his *paddles* : there is nothing to be seen but ships—dis-

tant isles—the castle—and the ocean ! Such a view ! never was there so clear an evening—never so brightly blue a sea ! here and there ruffled by the ever restless wave. The castle looking, in its dark majesty, like everything romantic of the sort you have ever seen, or wish to fancy. And the dear evening gun—“ Bome !” *Addio*,—it used to call us to our supper of Spanish wine and Guernsey *gallette* ;—now, the end of September, the urn for tea is hissing on the table. *Addio*.

WE have talked of our brown hill at home, rising so beautifully before our windows, and you have asked, “ Why do you call it *brown* ? ” We remember you first asked the question during a fall of snow, and we waited with some impatience for a thaw, to see *why* we had so called it. Yes, we found, as the snow melted away, that it *was* brown—olive brown—brown with its heath and its rocks—yet enlivened here and there with patches of the yellow gorse, bright in its full blossom !

Here we have also our brown hill before our windows,—a little further removed, it is true ; but the atmosphere is so clear, that of a fine day, divested of the Devonshire mist, it seems to

us almost as near as our beautiful brown hill in the peaceful vale of S——.

These surrounding islands certainly add considerably to the beauty of this place. There is a curiosity excited by them as to what they contain, and what the people are like who live in them, that never fails to occupy and interest. Herm, Jedthou, and Sark ! We can see the houses very plainly through the telescope. In Herm there are farm-houses, a windmill, corn-ricks, and barns ; but not one soul can we distinguish. In Jedthou there is the hermit-bachelor's house, with plenty of room for more than himself ; and there are clothes in the back scenes hanging out to dry, some table-cloths bleaching on the ground,—but yet not one soul to be seen !

Sark is too far off to distinguish anything but the exceeding beauty of its high craggy cliffs, and the wave dashing up its foam against the rocks at its base. There is to us something very beautiful in its look of barren desolation ! and we hear it possesses the most lovely sheltered

valleys, splendid caves, and the prettiest cottages in the world ! We often hear of lovers wishing they could marry on their love, and live apart from the world. Why not, then, come here ? How surely would they, if they knew of such a place, instantly publish their bans, marry, ticket their trunks, and be off to Herm or Sark ! How well here, with their own refinements, could they bring up their young folks,—the world forgetting, and as assuredly by the world forgot. The worst is, people will *not* forget the world ; and they have an idea that the world does not like to forget them. If they are happy, and blest with children, they wish to display this felicity and these children to the world. We suppose it is natural that people should shirk this being alone ; yet, whilst the extreme love lasts—the essence—the otta of rose—one might think it would do very well. But does not this love, even, require the friction of society to keep it from moss and rust ? We cannot say. When we are young we settle what we will do when we are

old,—when old, what we *would* do were we young. Could we but put old people's heads on young shoulders—though no improvement to their appearance—yet what an advantage it would be to their ideas! The blessing the aged seek is peace; but the plan they have pursued in their young days shuts it from them. To the young the blessing is open, but they seek it not;—what have they to do with peace? *plenty* for them is better,—plenty of pleasure, plenty of work! and though the former may fail, the latter will assuredly make up for its want:—but they care not,—they work for the world's applause. And do they get it? No; they find, after the toil of years, that the world never intended they should have it; its fallacious smile was prepared to lure them on,—its dreadful frown ready, in a dark hour, to crush them down.

Then would they fly from the world and be at rest; and thank *us* for pointing out to them Herm or Sark. But no,—the world is not to be so baulked; it has fixed its talons on them;

as it saw the beginning, so does it intend to see the end. Fly, therefore, ye young, and therefore silly folks, ere it be too late,—ere the wreaths of young love fall off, and chains, forged by the world, come instead ;—leave all the turmoil of the pains-taking world,—its din, its bustle, its noise, and come to the repose and free air of Sark, with its deep still dells and flowery knolls, quiet bays and healthful hills! One who has seen it, says it is one of the most interesting spots he has ever visited!—luxuriant crops, diversified with wood, broken into romantic valleys, naturally watered by tumbling brooks. He remarks that the barren and rocky coast is singularly contrasted by these fertile and beautiful valleys: cottages, with their little gardens and small plot of orchard ground lie sequestered in its bosom, whilst the green sides of the hills, dotted with cattle, entirely shut out the view of the sea, and the rush of the little rivulet, as well as the bend of the valley, hinders even the sound of the waves from reaching this sweet seclusion.” Then

he tells of the blackbirds, and their full mellow note sounding from the depth of every hollow ; the woodbine and wild clematis—*traveller's joy*—luxuriating on every hedge, and twining up the trees that skirt the roads ; the fragrance (one of the sweetest, perhaps, in nature) loads every air that blows ! He then says that no English person but himself has ever visited Sark, ejaculating, “ What a retreat would it be to the professional or literary man ! ” I suspect that those who work for the world must have something more substantial to feed on than green leaves and blackbirds' notes,—all very pretty, but it does not *pay* ; your pairs of lovers, married in despite of fortune, yet, as they term it, *independent of the world*, we think are the most suitable people to emigrate to such a land. They say there are delightful cottages to be had, and that provisions are *very* cheap ; what would they have more than the happiness of living together ? *We* can tell them they would require a great deal more :—therefore, as the diplomatist said,

when questioned concerning the weather, “ We think it will rain, but don’t quote us as an authority,”—*We think it will rain*, and therefore we do not recommend the carrying out of love in this romantic sort of manner,—“ ’Twere better to pine for love than a quartern loaf !”

Nevertheless, we are borne out in saying that the island looks very enticing as we see it now from our windows,—the sun shining on its craggy cliffs, the blue sea curling at its foot ! And besides, there are mines there,—copper mines—and some veins of lead and silver ; so, with all this to amuse, we still think a robust and healthy love might thrive in such a place, though beset with the dangers of poverty—a love not to be chilled by a winter’s wind, or dried up by a summer sky—that will not tire in wandering amid uncultivated scenes, or stumble in travelling over sharp rocks and stones. Where is there such a love ?—that inward perennial truth—greatness of mind—kindness of nature—sincerity of heart ! Alas ! alas ! is it but of such

stuff of which our dreams are made,—a sickly creature of the fancy, unparalleled in nature !

To look at the *beginning* it were easy to say, such things are ; but when we think of the long journey, the days and nights it is *to the end*, we are tempted to ask, as of a bright day, Do you think it will last ?

One advantage the young have over the old, is their *faith*. When we arrive at a hundred and fifty, we become a set of heretics in love,—unbelievers,—and assuredly would never think of visiting such a dream-land as Sark to indulge the passion. Neither can we say, even for the young, how it would work. Nevertheless, there is this to be considered ;—packets sail from England three times a week, from Guernsey every day ; therefore, as cooks say of a pudding, should it not “ turn out to the liking,” there is always Guernsey, or England, to fall back upon.

WE will now give something of a case in point,—taking the giant's advice, and beginning at the beginning of the day ;—" Béliér, mon ami ! commence, par le commencement !"

We had turned from our glass this morning, more sobered, perhaps, by the reflection of our own thoughtful countenance—apprenticed, as it were, to the habit of thinking—than that there was really any present matter of moment to dwell on,—that deep undefined mood of thought, that an apprehensive and shaken turn of mind will give,—that vague, restless fear—the sort of dread a superstitious person has in passing through a churchyard ;—we tell ourselves there is no spectre—really none,—none to feel—none to see !"

“ Why art thou cast down, O my soul—and why art thou disquieted within me ?” How readily the answer is put in our hearts, if we will but *trust* ! But the fit must have its course ; and for the moment we question even the propriety of feeling happy. So it was with us ; when a sudden jocund laugh—a real mouthful of mirth in its “ ha ! ha ! ha ! ” burst upon our ear. It was so joyous, that catching something of the infection, we laughed too, in spite of our long face ;—but it was only a passing compliment to the power of the merriment we heard, for we were not at all carried away by the idea, that we were at all justified in falling into this mood ;—it was reserved for the *élite*—the independent—the trinket of the world ! worn and shown only in the sunshine of prosperity and holiday occasion.

On looking from the window for the curiosity of at least seeing *one* contented person for the day, we were somewhat confounded, we confess, to find that it had come from the mouth of a

chimney sweep. For a moment we felt envy : but *that* the next moment told us was entirely a misplaced feeling ; for there was certainly nothing—but the white teeth—ostensibly to envy in the person before us, whatever there might be to learn from the force of example. So we stood and watched him to see if we could find out—or even surmise—what made him so exceedingly happy.

We soon saw by his dress that he was evidently a Guernsey lad ; the soot might be mistaken for English—but there was no disputing his clothes ;—for the labourers here are as distinctly to be known by the *cut* of their dress, as our work-people are in England. And does it not seem strange—*par parenthèse*—that we should so know them at a glance ? Let a labourer stand before us without a tool in his hand, and we will instantly designate him as a mason—a carpenter—and so forth ;—even the “ cad ”—the *cadet* of a stage-coach—was known by his tapes, and his top-boots.

“ Je ne puis rien nommer si ce n'est par son nom ;

J'appelle un chat, un chat.”——

And in a higher grade, with Boileau, do we not immediately know who is—“ un fripon ?” And yet people will say, that dress—*that line by which the character is marked*—is a matter of little moment.

But to our sooty lad. Here we are not yet *au fait* at discovering the costume for each peculiar trade ; but *his* black suit,—his “solemn sable” was not to be mistaken. And besides he had a companion with him, dressed somewhat the same, though considerably better than himself: seemingly a “top” sweep ; for he had on a *tail* coat—as the boys term it, in contradistinction to their own youthful jackets—and this coat tail and all, seemed much the better—that is *blacker*—in appearance for the “Oxford mixture” it had gained in his service: and besides this, he wore a beaver hat—black also.

The boy carried the tools for operating on the chimneys ; yet heavy and cumbersome as they

were he was still full of laughter; and these being in his way he soon put them down, and turning to his companion they had a good romp together. Then the elder one was heard to exclaim,

“ Gyable ! Ramasse ton boucas ! Pour qu’est che donc tant d’tripo ? ” (*Diable !* gather up your rubbish ! what is the reason of all this fuss ?) and he picked up a stone, threw it at the boy, and hit him somewhat hard, for the laughter took a troubled note, and seemed evidently to wrestle with the twinge of pain, by its prolonged breath ; but we were pleased to see that, even in this struggle with feeling, the laugh got the better.

Yes ; the poor sooty boy laughed on ! shrieking playfully,

“ Kerouin ! (Rascal.) Ah ! mafai ! ch’est pour pu que j’n’en sait ? Kique tu fais ilot ? ”
We will not insult your knowledge of French by offering to translate this : and when he had said it, and the scuffle past, he took his brush, and in

the kindest way whisked off the brown dust which he had kicked over his companion's superior garment; looking somewhat *méchant* and roguish all the time, and muttering,

“ Au tu!—Chafernaeux!—Che badrin!”—meaning, “ I say! squeamish! what a botheration!”—And then, continued, as he linked his brush on to the rest of the apparatus,

“ Qu'aime a s'ouir ber *danguair*! (nonsense.) Mais il y avait *kikzuns* (some people) qui pâlait bien!” And here he laughed so exceedingly heartily that his comrade joined in the same; through threatening him with his *open hand* as though he would slap his black, merry-looking bobbing about face, and shrieking,

“ Tais ta goule! au vous, tais ta goule!”

This was the finish of the skirmish—“ tais ta goule!” and “ Aigue! aigue! Couayai! couayai!” (Aid! aid! help! help!) uttered together in chorus,—with many other words, that we are not sufficiently versed in the language, even to have caught the sound of. Perhaps this was no loss.

St. Peter's clock now struck eight. They looked at each other a moment; then in an excited tone of surprise, together exclaimed, "Palfrandingue! V'nai cant é mé," were out of sight in an instant.

Now, there is nothing surprising in seeing sweeps playing together when we are in good spirits; but when we are in bad, it takes an extraordinary feature. It was very strange indeed! yet not after all that *they* should laugh, but that *we* should not laugh also! We felt ashamed, and took it to our heart as we would a reproof and a lesson.

As we have said, not even the *élite* of the land, nay, royalty itself, could have beguiled "the jocund hours" with more *gaieté de cœur* than these two—seemingly—dependent sweeps. It is not exactly a new idea, but it is surely true, that "*les extrêmes se touchent*." Every day observation will bring it to the test—that it is the hyper-high, and the hyper-low who, with all the trustfulness and freshness of Solomon's lilies,

take no thought for the morrow, and are the meeting of these extremes. The having nothing *much* more to wish for with the one—the getting nothing they *do* wish for with the other, brings it to the same point.

Then what are we who do ponder and pout, and indulge in a fever of fear and of hope? are we the happy medium of the lofty and the low? O, dear no! The medium we may be;—but the *happy*, certainly not, whilst we allow this care for our comfort—our *well-doing*, (as we obligingly term it)—to perplex and confound us. The sweeps had done us some good; so instead of taking Time by the forelock by reading and writing at home, we protested in a moment we had nothing to do with Time;—if he would but go his way peacefully, why we would e'en go ours. So the bonnet was put on—the children told that they need not hurry the breakfast,—a word to the dogs—the *toujours prêt* dogs! “ready! aye, ready!” and we were off to the Sallérie battery.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform

Where we watch'd."

Yet not for the midnight ghost, but the jocund spirit of the early day! There is something majestically pleasing in this war-like spot!—its battlemented breastwork—its massive moss-grown stones! and we ask with Lamb—"Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that being nothing, art everything!" What is it? We cannot explain it: yet is it a glorious scene! the boats dancing on either side, low on the sea beneath—rejoicing, as it were, in the early morning sun: the young sailors seated on the ground mending their nets—the old ones lounging on the ramparts—the little Spanish dog Philos, ever true to his post, frolicking around, and ready to give a "good den" to his strange canine friends.

All nature seemed in harmony and peace! and, thanks to the sweep, we were ready and disposed to be in peace with it. Never was there

so bright a sun—never so transparent a sea—as shone around the Sallérie battery this day ! And there is something which allures the mind to romance in the vicinity of such a place !—a magnitude that makes us feel so little—so merely the ant—the insect—amidst this magnitude of man's undertakings. The massive walls—the broad parapet—the warlike battlements—the guns ! and all done to protect man from man ! Good lack ! one would think his very insignificance protection enough !—this isle, with men upon it, compared with the immensity around,—an ant hill—a little heap of dust !

But so it is. Man puts up the mark with his best strength ;—and then with the same best strength he knocks it down again. Vigorous human heartedness—unsubdued animal spirits,—such is the good stuff of which man is made ! Eve was taken from his side and he felt not his loss, so that she will still know her home and cleave unto him : he has strength enough for her,—and for himself. Yes ;—there it all is !

the young sailor with his net,—the old sailor with his “look out” has it strongly developed in his weather-bronzed countenance; — dormant, it is true,—but still there, though dormant. Yet here all is peace! Even the guns serve us for rustic benches as they slumber in the sun,—a sort of dog’s sleep, no doubt:—be that as it may, they do sleep for the present; and we seated ourselves on one to view the expanse around.

And who is not the better for rising early,—taking the tip-top of the morning—and leaving his *pillow thoughts* at home to breathe the pure, healthful, life-quickenning breeze from such a sea!—covered here with glossy waves,—there crowned, as it impatiently beats against the rocks, with a glittering coronet of spray. Whilst in the distance first a bright line of purple, ruffled by the breeze; and then far out again a rich silvery green! We take our colour from the clouds which pass over us—our sparkle from the sun—our *ripple from the breeze*—and so it seems does the sea.

And now it is time to return from our walk—and which, by a little *détour*, takes us round by an inland lane—road, perhaps they call it—passing St. John's Church—and so home. And then we come to the subject from which we set out ;—a pretty cottage in this shady road, and a young married English couple thus comfortably settled in Guernsey.

The lady had married to please herself—a poor man. Her father had said to her, “Do not do it—it will not answer. If you do, it is at your own peril. I tell you candidly, that what I allow you now, I will continue you then ;—but look for no more until I die. I expect your sisters will make a better match than yourself ; therefore I must retain the means of helping them to it. Marry if you like ; but neither blame, nor look to me, to help you in the scrape.”

So she did as it pleased herself. And after she was married—it was a way she had—she used to fret to please herself ;—not that her trouble came on finding she was poor, for that

she had expected; but she tormented herself on the account that, for their means, they lived in too good a style;—her father was not a rich man, but he paid his bills regularly; and she soon made it very clearly understood, that she expected her husband would do the same; they had married for love it was true, but she would have been very sorry to have supposed that every separate tradesman was to suffer by this love.

Her husband was a careless-hearted person—a little off-hand sort of man—yet a thorough gentleman: and she liked this freedom of spirit—it had constituted his greatest charm: but she did not like to see this carelessness extend even as far as his bills:—here she wanted thought, and care, and *prévoyance*. But she found it not: and she was just as annoyed and displeased as she would have been, had she even suspected such a thing before matrimony.

In the dilemma of seeing that their means would not answer to their expenses, and to get

out of the way of hospitable yet extravagant friends, she proposed to her husband a residence in Guernsey. He at once acquiesced with her wishes ; and when we came to the place, here we found them located.

“ And you are very happy ?—happy that you made so prudent an arrangement.”

“ Dear—yes !—very happy indeed ! John has become so steady !—Here there is no way of spending money !”

“ I beg your pardon !—pray do not cry down my good conduct in this manner. The fact is,” turning to us, “ I am a reformed rake—‘ winter and wedlock !’ But, ’pon my word, Charley let me have no peace till I complied with her wishes. We live as quiet and free from—guile—as canaries in a cage. But we will give you some excellent champagne if you will come and see us.”

“ And the tee-totaller shall have the best gunpowder-tea ! And you”—embracing the *cadet* of the party—“ grapes so large ! that with this

sweet little mouth of yours, you will never be able to eat them." And she kissed the boy over and over again—saying, with the fondest admiration—"Do you think mamma would sell you for sixpence? You are just worth that!—sixpence!" and then another kiss, and another steady fond look—and then a—"Nay, I think I would give eighteenpence for you—would not you, John?—for such a dear little boy?"

"No," said John, "I don't care a farthing about children. You know I always tell you I am very glad that so far, we have none of them to plague us."

This morning, as we have said, we passed by their gate. He was standing in the footpath on the opposite side, taking a sketch of his cottage on a sheet of note paper, in the way our letters are illuminated to our friends with the *locale* of the watering-places in England.

He drew with spirit, so we stopped to admire his sketch; and at the moment his wife appeared

at the door, and came out to call him to breakfast: nay, she said,

“ Give me the pencil !—How will they understand this so far away ?—I must make my window more perfect, that Lelia and Flora may envy me my lot—roses on one side—jessamine on the other !”

“ And the cat !” we said—pointing to the animal peeping out over the sill.

“ O yes !—the cat !” she replied, in a mournful and prolonged tone—“ the cat—and that is all !”

Another day we were admiring her little sitting-room—its neatness—and elegance in the refinement of its taste ; telling her she had the happy method of making a room comfortable.

“ Yes,” she said, “ it is pretty, I dare say—but—it is empty !”

“ Not whilst we are here ?”

“ Indeed, no ! I did not mean that. But I dare say it seems to you that we are very happy ?

And so we are—that is, ought to be. We are very good friends with papa—are out of debt—and have everything we want ;—but——”

“ But what ? ”

“ You know ? ”

“ Indeed we do not.”

“ That is true ! *You* never *can* know, with all these dear children, the dreary look round, it is to find such treasures wanting ! ”

“ You would not believe us if we were to tell you, that having them *not*—(this is the distinction)—you are better without them.”

“ Indeed I could not so believe you.”

“ Then, as poor Mr. B—— used to say, ‘ I am wrong—you are right—and I’m a liar ! ’—she smiled as we added. “ But understand us rightly ; these children bring their pleasures, it is true—the extreme—the very essence of pleasure—the only true pleasure ! and as assuredly as this pleasure is—as exceeding as this pleasure is, so is the deep-felt pain of losing them ! ”

“ Yes :—but then I should have them first !”

There was such a manifestation of an *uninitiated* heart in this speech—so whole—so untouched !—that we had not the cruelty to blight it—even by forewarning,—we therefore skipped and went on.

She had coaxed *Rob Roy* to remain upon her lap ; so we observed, “ Yes, it is all very well to kiss a healthful loveable child ;—but supposing, for an instant, that child was yours—would you not at times think, ponder, and pause, and grow anxious as to his future well-doing ?”

“ No ; I should do nothing of all this ;—I should kiss him from morning till night ! and feed him with sugar-plums.”

“ And then he would grow sick ; and you must have the doctor.”

“ Indeed, mamma, I should not !”

“ Indeed you would, my child ! And if so”—turning to our friend—“ what would you do then ?”

“ Just think of him such !—in his dear little

cot! Would not I sit up night and day and nurse him !”

“ That you would, we are sure ! But as you have no sick child, cannot you see that you are better off—both you and your husband—without one ?”

“ No.”

“ That you can go out and come home when you like—and that you take your heart out, and bring it home with you. When you have a child you leave it at home !”

“ I would never leave it—I would for ever and a day stay at home with it.”

“ But what then becomes of your husband ?”

“ Oh !”—and here she paused—and then added—“ why he can go out by himself. Yet I am sure—whatever he may say, he would rather stay at home with me and nurse the children.”

“ *Children !* that is getting on ! But, take our word, he will not. The care of a baby is the first thing which separates husband and wife.

She has in duty to go to her nursery—and he takes his walk alone.”

“ But then the nursery would be my pleasure !”

And so it is every rightly disposed woman’s pleasure—do not suppose the feeling singular ;—in the *not* having the feeling consists the singularity. But what will you say when we tell you that those who take a view of their duty all round, will see that it is one of their duties to give up this pleasure.”

“ What ! give up your children ?”

“ No, not exactly give them up :—but suppose we asked, in the same tone of exclamation, What ! give up your husband ? What would you say ?”

“ I cannot understand it !” she replied ; “ it seems to me that where I and my baby was, *there* would my husband be also.”

“ And dreadfully in the way—if such were the case ! But there is no fear of a cumbrance like this in the nursery. No, take our word that

there he would not be—you would have, as it were, at once to cut yourself in two—half for your husband—half for your baby;—and the woman who manages this legerdemain—this slight-of-hand the best, gets on the best.”

“ I should never try it.”

“ Then feel yourself happy whilst free from this dilemma—this tender rock—on which so much happiness in the marriage lot is split!—If the pleasure of a family is not yet come, neither are the pains. Enjoy yourself whilst you may—you have everything here to make you happy.”

“ Indeed—indeed I have! the best of husbands—a pretty residence—a cheap place—but—”

And so it is! there is always a *zum'ut!* as the dealer said of his string-halt horse—this eternal “*but*” which follows us everywhere—even to the comfortable residence of our pretty young friend. “ God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.” Do you wonder there are so many

hearts vacant, when you consider the materials of which they are built ?

This is a long letter ! As the Italians say when they leave, we will take away the inconvenience from you. *Addio.*

YES, we have thoroughly made up our minds, that three hundred pounds a year in Guernsey, would go further than six hundred pounds a year in England. We do not speak from theory, but from practice ; we are now certain that with three hundred pounds a year, a family, consisting of husband and wife, three or four children, and three servants, could not only live in a good house, keep the best society, and, included in the same sum, afford their son, or even sons—the advantage of a good education—not that this calculation would take in the giving entertainments : no, such a family must live frugally, as a family of small means ought to live ;—not for others, but for themselves. *How* we spend our money, in the same way as *how* we spend

our time, makes all the difference in the retrospect ;—that retrospect streaked with so many shades of difference ! The mass of suffering that did not come of Providence at all ;—the trials, sent us in love, yet borne with the rancour of impatience : all done—all said—but the one word needful, “ Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.” We all need to learn the lesson of patience. It is in the shelter of peace that we are allowed to look back to the turmoil of the past : in the day of trouble our whole thought is engaged in guarding against the stroke : in tranquil security we can now see the flutter we have made, and the vast difference—as it appears to us—of how things *might* have been. And yet it is only when the battle is lost—or won—that we can take this look over by-gone things !—can see ourselves as on a stage—fretting—or strutting our hour out. Does not the glance back see us, as it were, in the destroyer’s toils ?—a fly within a web—buzzing—struggling !—the spider at hand looking on.

And we have all seen that some fly will escape this toil ;—struggle—make a hole in the web—and get out !—walking slowly at first—borne down—stupified by the very effort of escaping from thralldom. But watch it on ; and in time you will see it, as it were, clap its hands—clean its wings—and run round for very ecstasy !—and then it will try its pinions and rejoice—life and liberty are his ! If he be wise he will ponder these things ;—take to rural scenes—and never—no never trust again to sunny windows.

Now England seems to us—at this distance—a great spider's web—toil within toil !—circle within circle !—with room and thralldom for all. So we all struggle in ; and there are some who struggle out. Be wise then in time, ye who find that the *shoe is too small for the occasion required*. To carry on the allusion, recollect that “ the pinch ” is only felt by the wearer ; and he is admitted to be the best judge of his own concerns. Yet is he, at the same time, not always the most efficient person to change the position

of such affairs: that truly English complaint, *shame of a small income*, cramps his natural energy and stultifies his best wits;—‘retrenchment’ is a word that is hard to find in his dictionary: not that, as he asserts, he cares for himself—he’d live on bread and cheese—a meal a day!—“Words—words—words!” we know that the bread and cheese must be after a good dinner—the meal a day, a gentlemanly-spread fare at six o’clock.

With these ideas, how can he retrench? Besides, what would his neighbours think of such an extraordinary hocus-pocus? No, he cannot do it;—and his heart turns sick at the bare supposition of having to clean such an Augean stable! If he has his cares—which he admits he has—they are his own—and “own” is a monstrous large word in an Englishman’s mouth! If they are his own, then surely he may do with them as he likes! At all events he has not resolution to tear them up by the roots. He has heard that there is luck in leisure,

and that things will mend, if left to themselves; so he sets this down as a trustful rule—and not only the rule, but he complacently sits himself down with it.

Yet let such poltroons know, that he

“ Whose mind is but *the mind of his own eyes*,
Is a slave, the meanest we can meet.”

And more than this—he merits all he will have to undergo. For the storm is gathering fast;—first, one bit of blue sky covered—and then another—till suddenly it bursts! And now woe betide this stickler for appearance—this hapless man! Malignant truths — bitter taunts — unprovoked rancour—and evil tongues, even more cutting than the ruin that has come, strike him to the heart!

Let, then, all such who feel the least incipient promise of such a case, take it in time: the *water cure* we would propose, would be a trip to Guernsey. Then will follow,

“ Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thoughts.”

Be wise, therefore, in time, and earn a contented mind. The misty, perplexed morn will give place to a clear—cloudless day—the tranquil day to a peaceful night—and the awaking up will be as in a new world!—thankful for what you have brought—and more thankful still for the *much* that is left behind. Look, therefore, to freeness of spirit, rather than to the narrow confines of a room—for even in such it will revel; and to balance increase of wealth against the loss of a few comforts. Go to market as well as the rest of the Guernsey *élite*, and if you have a careful servant, restrain your liberality at the well-known twitch of the sleeve;—pay all bills regularly once a week, and to the exceeding comfort of all those around, study well the maxim from the sage of old, “he that hath a contented mind, lives in the enjoyment of one perpetual feast.”

IT is right that we should speak as we find ; but it is equally essential that we should *find* the things of which we are about to speak. No one ever did like sight-seeing less than ourselves ! and never is the delay of “ to-morrow ” more acceptable, than when it is to put off a *lionizing* “ to-day.” Yet the college is so beautiful a building in itself, and so interesting in its purpose, that it is well worth the exertion of a visit ; so we have made every diligent inquiry concerning it, for the advantage of those who may require information ; and have taken a help from the prospectus published in the island, to be *quite* assured of the correctness of our statement.

The elevation of the college is of an oblong-square, with castellated turrets, of a symmetrical form, and of good proportions as a residence. It was founded by Queen Elizabeth. Those who *know* this may remind us that Queen Anne is dead. *A la bonne heure!* we are none of us the worse for a little reminding. At the time Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, the island was in a deplorable state of ignorance and superstition;—popery had shaken its scourge over the land, and the faggot and the flame were even here consuming its victims.

Upon the revival of Protestantism, the churches were committed to the care of the French and Genevese reformed clergy; and with a view to qualify the islanders for this important office, and also for other learned professions, the Queen granted a commission, in the year 1563, to the governor, bailiff, and others, authorising them to endow a grammar-school, by assigning over to the states a convent or church, which had formerly belonged to the society of *Frères*

Mineurs, or Grey friars, (Cordeliers,) with the land adjoining—the Cemétière des frères ; whilst about eighty quarters of rent, which had originally been devoted to superstitions, masses, and dispensations, was then taken from the Queen's revenue, and applied to this endowment.

In 1823, Sir John Colbourne, then Lieutenant-Governor, exerted himself in its favour ; the subject was brought before the States, who resolved on remodelling the statutes of the institution, and of erecting a proper building for the college, which was then done ; and it was placed under the superintendence of the Governor and Dean of the island, and of thirteen directors—three permanent—the others only appointed for a limited period, and nominated by the Governor or the States.

The course of education has since given the greatest satisfaction, of which the public examiners, who come over annually at midsummer from Oxford, elected for that purpose by the heads of the colleges, bear ample testimonials.

Several of its scholars have attained the highest honours at Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin.

The fees for education, including the classics—French, mathematics, divinity, commerce, &c. &c. twelve pounds per annum. Extra charges are made for private tuition, drawing, music, German, &c.—for all of which there are excellent masters, and the terms very moderate:—it is therefore perfectly clear that a family residing in the island, might give their sons the very best education for this small amount. The boys all look gentlemanly in the extreme: there is an excellent open play-ground, on a hill overlooking the sea, and surrounding the college. The rooms of the building are large and airy, and a separate one is appropriated to each branch of study, in which are two classes of about twenty boys, under the immediate attention of a master. There is a large hall for morning and evening prayers, and for the scholars to play in during bad weather. Their boxes for books were standing, marked with each proprietor's

name ; and there seemed something very wholesome in the air of a place, where there is no eating going on, or sleeping.

The principal, who has his residence in one wing of the building, receives boarders, who are treated as members of his own family, and partake of all the privileges of the college—at sixty pounds a year. The vice-principal, who lives in the college-house attached to the play-ground, receives pupils in the same manner at fifty pounds a year. And well can we speak to the merits, comfort, and refinement of this latter school ; and happy might that parent be, who could find a vacancy for their child in so desirable a residence. Of the other masters' claims to approbation we have had no opportunity of judging.

Then there are exhibitions, prizes, and medals. An exhibition of thirty pounds per annum, for four years, to the best classical scholar, native of the bailiwick, or son of a native. Electors, the examiners and the principal.

Four exhibitions of twenty pounds per annum

for four years, to the best scholars *severally*—divinity, history, classics, mathematics, and modern languages. Electors, the directors.

An exhibition of twenty pounds per annum for four years, to the best classical and theological scholar. Electors, the examiners and the principal.

And so on through numberless branches of study. The holydays are two months at Midsummer, two weeks at Christmas, and one at Easter. The vice-principal, the Reverend Arthur Corfe, takes his pupils over at Midsummer to England—visits his friends—collects them again together—and returns with them to Guernsey. We again repeat, we know of no establishment of the sort to which we should have greater satisfaction in sending a son, than to this, the vice-principal's.

You must needs have collected from our letters long ere this, that we are *all* here together—all happy, and all well pleased!—taking long excursions in the country, and seeing all our sights over again—the merry twice told tale! never tired of visiting the shops; and like the bees for winter, are beginning to lay up a store of the good things—such as millinery, shoes, gloves, and scent-bottles—which we get cheaper here than in England.

At the drapers we find everything dear. They get their goods from England, and the carriage of such goods is no doubt carried out in the price of them;—and besides this, there is little taste, and less choice, to be found in any of these establishments: they are, in short, in-

ferior sort of shops altogether to those of the same class we meet with in England.

The thing which you expect to find at every turn—a French shop—and a French person—is the greatest rarity to be seen in the island. At first we fell into the same mistake committed by most of the new-comers ; and misled by the foreign look of the people behind the counters, we addressed them in French : and, frightful to say ! at the same time made our remarks upon them in English.

“ How much that woman is like the royal family ! She is the image of *my* grandmamma,—and that accounts to me why *your* grandmamma was often mistaken for the Princess Augusta.” This was not so bad—it might have been worse. She looked up very gravely, and said,—for she was an English person,—

“ The remark has been made before ; but I believe it is George the Fourth I am considered mostly to resemble.”

It is somewhat *méchant* of them, we observe,

that they are always ready to keep up the mistake ; and taxing them with it, they say, that it is so immaterial to them in which language they speak, that they never take notice of the one they are conversing in, till their customers come to a difficulty.

Certainly, une belle pensée *embrouillée* est un diamant couvert de boue ! And we have had, on two occasions, an amusing specimen of these *difficulties* : the first at the milliner's, of whom we have just been writing. We were trying on shoes at the farther end of the shop at the time, so we give it you as jotted down on our tablets.

Lady. “ J'ai *besoing* d'un simple *bonnet* pour marcher dans le matin.”

The milliner takes down several caps from the window, and places them on the counter.

Lady. “ *Nong — nong — nong ! nong pas cela.*”

The milliner looks puzzled—smiles—and says,
“ Plait-il, madame ?”

“ The lady repeats her sentence, — “ J'ai

besoing d'un simple *bonnet* pour marcher dans le matin."

The milliner seems enlightened, and replies,

" Ah ! j'entends. Il faut à madame *des brides*. Nous en avons de bien jolies en ce moment !"

The lady looks vacant. The milliner brings forward her *whiskers* for bonnets, presents them with, " Tenez, madame voila ce que nous avons de plus distingué !"

Lady. " *Nong*, pas cette espèce ! Je souhaite comme ceci"—touching her bonnet—" seulement pour marcher dans le matin."

Milliner. " Ah ! un chapeau ! nous appelons cela un chapeau . . . bonnet we call *chapeau*,—and cap *bonnet*." Then, on the lady's part, the long stare and momentary embarrassment of finding that she has been addressing all this indifferent French to a person, who, if not exactly English, yet thoroughly speaks the language.

Another scene from the tablets.

English lady enters a haberdashers', and says,

"Je souhaite de regarder des soies." Sits down and puts her parasol on the counter.

Shopman. "De la soie ? Je m'en vais servir, madame, à l'instant." Brings a packet of sowing silk which he unties from its washed leather case and spreads out before her. Asking, as he pounces among the skeins with his fingers,—

"Quelle couleur désirez vous, madame ?"

Lady pushes the silk from her, looks pettish, and says,

"*Nong, nong*—des soies !"

Shopman smiles—perhaps from "*des soies*" representing *pig's bristles* in French. Yet he bows with the utmost deference and patience, as to what will come next, whilst the lady points to the silk of her parasol, and repeats,

"Des soies pour faire *un* robe."

Shop. "Ah ! c'est différent ! du gros-de-Naples ? Oui ! madame."

A heap is put on the counter. Lady looks them over, and asks,

“ *Combien ?* ”

Shop. Celui-là, madame, huit francs l’anne, au plus juste.”

Lady. “ Très cher—trop cher pour moi ! Est-ce le plus bas prix ? ”

Shop. “ Oui, madame :—d’ailleurs je ne surtais jamais.”

Lady. “ Eh bien ! Je souhaite pour trois robes, mais je suppose que je pouvais apporter mes trois filles *demaing* pour choisir avant.”

The English are always promising to *apportez* those whom they wish to present to you. But there was not even a smile on the shopkeeper’s countenance ; he merely replied,

“ Ah ! oui, madame—certainement.”

And we thought that she would leave the shop rejoicing under the idea of how well she had made the Frenchman understand her, without discovering her error. But no : there was something else,

“ Ah ! cela est bien pensé ! J’ai besoin de quelque chose pour nouer une jupe.”

Shop. "Du ruban de fil, madame?"

Lady. "*Nong*, pas du ruban—du—du—*tape*."

Shop. Ah! yes ma'am, *tape*! Ah, oui! We call *tape* ruban de fil."

Lady. "Oh! then, you speak English in this shop?" looking round.

"Shop. "Yes, ma'am,—please ma'am. We are English."

Lady. "What! born in England?"

Shop. "No, ma'am—please ma'am,—born in Guernsey."

Thus do they never make the distinction;—to be Guernsey born, with them, is to be English.

And yet, did they know England as well as we do ourselves, how much they would have to rejoice in the difference; and would sing, if applied to their own cheerful isle,

"Happy land! happy land!"

with even more *gusto* than they do about the streets at present.

YES, Guernsey is assuredly a happy land ! happy in its simplicity—its good sense ; its comfort without ostentation—its sufficiency without grandeur,—and, above all, in its exemption from taxes. It seems really that with us, taxes have taken all the merriment out of our land,—for taxes *are* stubborn things ! and quite sufficient in themselves to damp the ardour of even a natural vivacity. But with the English there is no natural vivacity :—even *you* have pronounced them to be the most serious people under the sun,—and that with the lower class, if they laugh at all, it is because “ that’s a joke, or “ there’s a go,” or that some other “ condition precedent” has taken place, which is understood to make an *éclat de rire* appropriate and due to the oc-

casion:—they never laugh under the repose of the sunny side of things. They are taught to read, and every journal that is put in their hands tells them that they are an ill-used race. And this they take to each individual self—not considering that they are considered *en masse*, and that party spirit has dictated the paper. So that if they step out of their every-day work, it is not to make merry with those they love, and who look up to them for this tone of cheerfulness as much as they do for their daily support, but to creep off and occupy themselves with the vexatious state of things,—to frequent political meetings and launch out lustily as to the rights of men, as a lion lashes his sides with his tail when he is brooding mischief;—and this mischief to a surety will come, unless those at the helm of affairs learn to steer their vessel better.

But this is wandering from our point. We would talk of Guernsey whilst we are here; and we think we started from the subject of taxes. Here there is nothing of the sort but one re-

gular impost on the natives, by which every one is laid under contribution according to his means, and is assessed not only for the value of whatever he may possess in the island, but also for the amount he may hold in the British or foreign funds ; the only exception allowed, being that of real property in England, upon which, it is presumed, a tax is already paid ; and there is the mercy shown of confining this tax to real property, rather than letting it encroach upon industry, pensions, or salaries,—professional incomes and half-pay are also exempted from it. The standard by which this is measured, is termed “ a quarter,” from wheat having been the original standard of value. A “ quarter ” is now valued at twenty pounds, and, taken one year with another, the annual tax for parochial purposes may be computed at sixpence per quarter. This covers every demand ; and no one is annoyed for poor’s rates, lighting, watching, window, or house tax. All money required for general purposes is raised by an impost on spirituous liquors.

The Queen's revenue consists of the great tithes of all corn, grain, and flax, the growth of the island, and in some parts the *champart* is also levied—first the tenth sheaf for tithe, *and the eleventh for champart*, when the fief belongs to the crown: *champart* implies that part reserved by the lords of the manor and fiefs, by way of chief rent, which is generally let out or farmed at certain rates by private individuals. The chief rents, and rents paid in corn and money, with the customs, anchorage, tonnage on vessels, wrecks at sea, amercements of court, forfeitures in estates, goods, chattels, &c., constitute the chief revenues of the crown in Guernsey.

Che badrin ! as a Guernsey folk would say ;—let us enliven you with a little of their superstitions. The country people are ever ready with a wondrous story if you have any time to listen to them or wit to understand them. For our part, they soon put us in a most excited state of amaze and curiosity,—catching but a word

here and there, and seeing the wonder expressed in their faces, teaches us at length to be interested in the marvellous. A favorite *raconte* is concerning the cave, called *Le creux des Fées*, and the existence of a subterraneous passage two miles long, reaching to some church in the distance ; confessing themselves, at the same time, that from the confined, noxious state of the air, it is impossible to explore it. This passage is firmly believed to be the work of some English fairies ; and it is mentioned that a country girl passing through the Vazon forest early one morning, perceived a great multitude of little men dressed in green, hiding in the long grass ; that they were fair and very powerful, and stoutly asked for the daughters of the land for wives, and the half of the island for possession. This the Guernsey men refused ; upon which the little men attacked them, and they were all slain but one, who hid himself in an oven. The blood of the slain run down like a river to a place called “ *La rouge rue* ” to this day, and the

fairies took possession of the island, and it is verily believed that they watch over the people and protect them from danger.

Another tale is told of a bay which joins La Rée, in which it is said stands a rock bearing the print of two human feet, and the tradition is, that they are the marks of the fairy feet of the Lady of Lihou, a sainted prioress of the neighbouring convent. It is said that once upon a time, on the opposite side of Pleinmont, there lived a very holy man in great retirement, conversing with none, and never leaving his cell, except to administer the sacraments and consolations of religion to those who really required them. No person ever presumed to visit him, and he was seen to kneel whole hours before the cross which stood upon the extreme point of the cliff. But one night a fisherman, who had moored his boat close to the shore, and was watching the tide, intending to drift off with it at early dawn, saw, by the moon's light, at the solemn hour of night, this holy hermit cross the sands, and meet a small, light figure, wrapped in a cloak, which

came in the direction of the priory. They stood together on this rock, for what seemed to him a long time, and then they parted, each returning the way they came. In the morning, hardly trusting his senses, and almost thinking it a dream, his curiosity led him to visit the spot; and to his surprise he found in the hard rock, just where the figure had stood, the print of these two little feet. He related what he had seen, but was scarcely believed, until it was discovered that the hermit was gone, and his cell entirely forsaken.

But this is only a trifle. There is even a darker page to be turned over in the Guernsey history,—the annals of witchery. They tell us that even at this present time witchcraft is believed: old women are pointed out and shunned as *sorcières*, after whom the country people will slyly throw a pinch of salt, or an old shoe, and will lay down a straw, to test their power of getting over it; and it is a melancholy fact that many persons, both men and women, were tortured and burnt for this supposed crime as lately

as the seventeenth century. There are numerous accounts of trials extant relating to these unfortunate wretches,—confessions of sorcerers before the royal court in 1617, when Amise de Carterette presided as bailiff. Three women were then accused and fully *convicted* of *sorcellerie*, and condemned to be “pendues, étranglées, osciès, et brulées, jusqu’à ce que leur chair et oisements soient reduis en cendres, et leur cendres espacées:” after which sentence they were cruelly put to the question, and a horrid confession extorted from each. It seems that “un chat” and “le diable” had a great deal to do with it. One of them confessed, “que le diable lui avait donna certaines poudres noires qui lui commandit de jeta sur les personnes qu’elle voudrait. Se souvient entre autres avoit jetté sur M. Dollie le ministre de sa paroisse et lui cosà la mort.” On women, children, and cows, it seems, she threw the same powder, and all with the same effect. Other women, under the agony of the rack, confessed to similar delusions and

crimes, and were also “ *brulée toute en vie, et leurs os réduits en cendres.*”

We confess the fairy tales please us much better than the dreadful accounts of this sorcery. The fairies,—that wondrous troop of graceful elves flitting over flowers in the pale moonshine ; and Puck—the merriest and nimblest of them all—saying, in his own boastful words,

“ I’ll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes ;”

the others plucking the wings from painted butterflies,

“ To fan the moonbeams from all sleeping eyes.”

To us there is a musical arrangement in all this,—the manifestation of peaceful hearts and poetical temperament. In England there is no peace for the poor man’s heart, and he cannot afford to be poetical ; the poor, as we have said, are there crushed down, or they rise in open rebellion. The little plot of ground in England is

gone, the poor man used to call his own ; he now thinks himself lucky if he can pay for the use of a few wretched inches in our crowded, squalid dwellings. Would it were with us as it is here : the granite cottage set in its own land, and this made the most of,—a strip of this and a strip of that,—turnips, potatoes, mangel worzel, all in the same field, and a good plot of grass reserved for the cow. Now you laugh, and ask, what is to prevent the cow from straying ? It is thus *we travellers* get the credit of seeing “ strange things,”—the cow and horse, voyez vous ? are tethered. Indeed, they say the cows would burst, if they were not so restricted amid this rich pasture-land. Surely such an elegant creature as the Guernsey cow could never be so greedy ! they are milked three times a day, but we do not see that they are fatter than our cows in England. The horses are decidedly in better condition than our common farm-house horses ; and it is a perfect picture—a Cuyp in itself—to see the market-women, gracefully seated between

their panniers on their matted saddles, cheerfully, in their Guernsey French, conversing together. One passed under the window just now, as we were looking through the telescope at a vessel; with a smile, we pointed the glass at her: she returned the smile with a graceful bow, and looked so cheerful and pleased, it was delightful to be so well understood in a moment. One could have hardly ventured on this with an English person; for they would either have taken it as an affront, or have become on the instant familiar. Not so the pretty Guernsey woman; she gracefully continued her way, not even looking up again, after she had acknowledged the playfulness of the moment. There seems among this class no bustling, no squabbling, no overreaching, no ill-will; a serenity and good breeding reigns in all, and one sighs to think, when one's eye rests on the respectable old English dress still retained here,—the serviceable quilted stuff petticoat, blue worsted stockings, and black leather shoes, with buckles,

the quiet plaited mob-cap, and, above all, the black mode bonnet!—it is a pity, we repeat, that with us such things are gone. And peace and prosperity are gone: strive as we will, there is nothing to be done; we are, as it were, feeding a huge monster, who swallows up our all! Vain is it, as the Mattadors, to display the silken screen; the bull—John Bull—is still behind, who will have all—or none. Were it not better to *tether him*, and for the same reason they here do their cows? if he *should* burst at last—what an explosion! You are right to deck him out, as you do, with all the riches of the land. Once come here, and look at him as we see him, you will wonder, and then most likely agree with us, that *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*.

“ Love had we found in huts where poor men lie.”

We see that you do agree with us, and have been seeking to excite a compassion for the poor distressed people of England. For ourselves, we confess that we do not like the poor. You must

understand this as we mean you to understand it, —we give them what we can afford, but we should never seek to find the treasure that Wordsworth describes. We admire, nevertheless, the charity and good-fellowship there is among them ; but we consider all meddling with them, and visiting them, as our young ladies do, but cramps their energies, whilst it employs and uses up the best part of their spirit in hope and expectation. Let whatever good is done be effected by the rich taking the burden on themselves ; let the taxes be lightened even still more upon essential things ; let them have bread, meat, beer, and, above all, *tea*, at the lowest rate the revenue can afford : and this will enable the man of means to pay at a higher rate of taxes than he does at present.

“ We trust that some now living may see—through powerful representation—a better time for England’s lowly children than yet they have experienced,—a time when, by the exertions of virtuous and benevolent government, the poor

will share in the benefit of our national improvements, when they will have christian education, and humble comforts in their cottages, with some leisure for thought and relaxation."

So says the ablest writer of the day. But we shall none of us see this era; neither, if it came, would the present poor know how to enjoy it. An effort has been made in the country to do the indigent a service, and they are not qualified to comport themselves under it. Like a nest of *wapses*, they are best let alone; for, harmless, unless disturbed, they know not how to take it, from its setting a reflected merit on themselves, —bringing them to light in a way for which they are not prepared, and rendering them as troublesome as flies, who buzz about to the annoyance of all, in a lighted apartment.

It argues badly for a country when it is obliged to talk and write about her poor. You will, perhaps, *not* take our word when we say they are better let alone; to set them to work by giving them public buildings to erect, is wiser than

to coddle them with mistaken pity,—or to enervate them by injudicious expectations. Let our able men at the head of affairs, *act* and not *talk*, bite and not bark ; let them eschew the magpie in their parliaments and enact the owl,—that silent bird of wisdom, with its large, luminous eyes ! choosing the dead of night for its deep, sagacious thought, its sober cogitations ! The poor are, in fact, listening to what will be said of them next, instead of minding their work. Let our statesmen look at other places, and see how they manage there ; let them come here, to one of their own isles, and witness the fair vision of a blest and happy poor, once more before their eyes.

In England the thing is past and lost, never to return. You may change the poor, if you will, into gentlefolks,—the man with his segar, the child dressed up in trumpery, the woman with her veil and her flounced gown ; but the English peasant is a race as lost in this our time as the Bemoth and the Mamoth. It is our poetical tem-

perament that leads us alone to picture it, and to place them where they used to dwell amid their rural scenes. *The honest rustic!* Gracious heaven! a man would as leave you called him "shep!" (sheep-dog) now, as so affront his cultivation. No, all this mirage—this false horizon—of making the poor happy, is the last fond glance back to what England once has been:—it were the same as hoping to bring back the gambols of the child to the self-willed determination of the man: England's youth is gone.

And is it not as needful for the working classes to sigh over us quite as despondingly as we sigh over them? would they not find the call for pity just as immergent for their betters, in the present state of things? The rich country seat given up for a tour, and a *chétif* house taken in Italy or France, because, forsooth, the proprietor is *too poor* to live in England.. Well might they say of such; as the old servant of the house of Ferrara did when speaking of its better

days: " But now all these things are over. There is no longer a duke in Ferrara ; there are no longer princesses ; no concerts or concert givers ; so passes this world's glory. For others the world may be made pleasant by changes ; but not for me, for I am alone, old, decrepit, and poor. Nevertheless, God be praised."

And so let us say, in a truly Christian trust, God be praised. We know not why all these things should be ; we only know the fact, that so it is, and that we have all lived to see Old England in its dotage, and its hopeful heir YOUNG ENGLAND ruling in its stead. There will now be no end to its freaks ! This is the beginning ; the baths—water ! which the poor look on as an innovation—an infringement on their liberties ; and the taking them down to Westmoreland to see the Lakes ! We of the old school know the busy ant has no time to raise her head from her work ; it is only the wild deer and the scape-goat that can afford to lave itself in the stream, and to look at the prospect.

WE are reading "Ranke's History of the Popes," and having been to the Roman Catholic chapel, were vastly puzzled to know, in our infinite ignorance, why the priest did not let the communicants partake of the cup; not understanding that this has ever been the great bone of contention—its not being allowed for the laity to partake of both kind—and the objection with many from following this religion. We find it peculiarly edifying. In Ransis Gastein the country people loudly demanded the cup at the Lord's Supper, and as it was not granted to them, they avoided the sacrament altogether.

And yet there is something very *sobering* in the Catholic service! How extremely touching the "mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!"

—the prayers most satisfactory and soothing ; whilst those offered for “ *the faithful departed,*” open a vein of deep feeling, never addressed or touched upon in our church service. At the same time the mummary indulged in vexes us. Is it not wonderful that such should be in the nineteenth century ? A little robin chirruped his autumnal note at the window, and it seemed as though he were laughing whilst displaying his gorgeous red throat before the priest, who was dressed in a Brussels lace petticoat, finished off with gold. Birds ought to be kept away from these worldly shows ; it made us think of the *outside* of the chapel instead of the *in*, and of Southey’s lines,—

“ I to the fields repair,
And seek religion there.”

We have brought home with us a poor Irish boy’s book, “ The Garden of the Soul.” Never could we have read Ranke at a more opportune time,—it will keep the balance adjusted ;

for it shows that Christian humility and Christian charity are sacrificed altogether by the Catholics in the desire to accomplish an universal religion. What a grand *pas* they are making in this at present !

“ The Garden of the Soul,” recommended to the faithful by the Bishop of H——, and Vicar Apostolical in the London district, has, nevertheless, much in it to improve, soothe, and to please. “ Dominus vobiscum sequentia S. Evangelii, secundum,” &c., at which words both priest and people make the sign of the cross, first upon their foreheads, to signify that they are not ashamed of the cross of Christ and his doctrine, secondly upon their mouths, to signify that they will ever profess it in words, thirdly on their breasts, to signify that they will always keep it in their hearts. At the gospel stand up, to declare by that posture your readiness to go, or do whatever you shall be enjoined by your Saviour in his gospel ; and if you have not the convenience of reading it, or otherwise attending

to it, you may pray as follows, ———. At the end of the gospel the clerk answers, *Laus tibi Christi*, and the priest kisses the book in reverence to those sacred words he has been reading out of it. Then upon all Sundays and other festival-days, standing in the middle of the altar, he recites the Nicene creed, kneeling down at these words, ‘ *He was made man* ’ in reverence to the great mystery of our Lord’s incarnation.”

And this is what we, in our ignorance, have called *mummery*: there may be ignorance, but there is no mummery where the kingdom of God is at stake.

There is something peculiarly interesting in the poor Irish boy’s book, covered with rusty black velvet, a dirty red string, and bearing evident signs of much usage. And we wonder not ; for here are prayers for all occasions included in the book for daily worship,—“ aspirations,” “ remedies against vices,” against impatience, against anger, against envy—all, as it were,

under the Bishop's seal, and in the same black velvet cover ! We had a great desire to have bought the poor Irish boy's book ; money might have tempted him ;—but “ lead us not into temptation.” It were better merely to reward him for his kindness—his trust in our honesty—and get ourselves the book.

CALLED on the Miss N——s, and had the pleasure of finding them at home, and of seeing the governor. In a moment “the open secret,” as Goethe expresses it, was revealed: he is superior—vastly superior to those amongst whom his fortunes have thrown him. “Show our critics a great man, they begin to what they call ‘account’ for him; not to worship him, but to take the dimensions of him, and bring him out to be a little kind of man.” It would be a difficulty to do this with General N——; so here they pester and plague him; not remembering that no sadder proof can be given of their own deficiencies and littleness, than the not appreciating the great man, with whom their good

luck—and nothing else—has brought them in contact.

The Miss N——s received us in the drawing-room, and in a moment the General made his appearance. Having known his brother, there was something immediately to talk about; yet being as he is, a perfect man of the world, there was no necessity of finding subjects for discourse: like a graceful river, it might have run on till now;—cheering, beautifying, and refreshing, as it gracefully flowed along. Everything was said with a noble superiority—a felicitous ease—a pleasing energy;—touching on subjects which really *did* interest him, and not merely opening his mouth as a matter of course,—yet avoiding all the tediousness and gossip of ordinary conversation. It is not often we meet with so superior and agreeable a person as General N——.

“Havilland Hall is a very delightful residence!”

“Yes, very delightful.”

We praised the island, and he replied,

“ It is, no doubt, as you say. But how does it agree with your admiration, to come here with the intention of staying for two years, and now to run away directly ?”

“ But then we have a good reason for so doing. We really think it a beautiful island.”

“ A prison !”

“ All places are a prison ! for how rarely it is we can ever stray far beyond our own residence.”

He raised his shoulders ; and we confess it *did* seem a loss, that he should be thrown away upon a barren land, where his infinite superiority and talent is not duly appreciated. It is difficult to conceive anything more delightful than his manners ; his features so regularly handsome that they might serve for a sculptor’s study ; and these set off with a profusion of white hair—not *old* hair—in growth and fashion it is that of a young man’s,—but perfectly white !—not one streak of grey to mar its unique appearance. Intelligent and determined, yet

buoyant and playful in his manner, and, as we have said, possessing the exceeding charm of talking of that in which he himself was interested, he soon touched upon the case under consideration: spoke of the subject as it really stood, and as one who had done his duty, and who never—no never—could look on and see injustice used even to the meanest individual. He stated that the affair had become a point of law between the Queen and the Guernsey court—told us the names of the counsel he had retained, and that it would be brought forward in November.

“ It must worry you very much ? ”

“ No—not at all. Keppel Craven used to say, ‘ *Everything serves every body right !* ’ This was his philosophy ; and I believe mine is very much of the same *genre*. There is nothing that annoys me but the ribaldry and vulgarity of the Guernsey press ; and, as is our privilege with things in bad taste, I have now shut my door against it.”

There was not a question but that such was his feeling and opinion ; and that, if he was

disturbed at all, it was merely at the half-breeding of those, his official position had thrown him amongst. We may say of him, as was said of the first Earl of Malmesbury, “ He is one of those shrewd, active, and intelligent watchmen abroad, who are so important to the governing power at home.”

The young ladies gave an occasional smile, which seemed to say that they *had* heard the *raconte* before. They are all exceedingly beautiful ! possessing that charm so peculiar to the Irish,—blue eyes and very dark hair, with those deep silky drooping lashes, that give to the look almost a melancholy expression ; and seeming, as some author has observed, in their dingy rim, as though these eyes were put in with dirty fingers !

“ Beauty lies in many eyes,

But love in yours, sweet *Nora Crena* !”

We know no position more admirable or enviable, than that of such a man as the governor,

living in the refined elegance he does, surrounded by such a family ! There is something very captivating in his light buoyancy of heart, and the deep, good sense of his conversation—" among things, and not among the show of things : acquainted with realities, and *kept acquainted with them* at whatever cost." And when we every day witness how much men will shirk this evidence of facts, to their own bitter loss—can we say more in favour of the governor, than to repeat, he *keeps himself acquainted with things at whatever cost ?* *

* It is charming to add, that since writing the above, the cause has been decided in the Governor's—that is, the Queen's favour—against the Guernsey court. We like these islanders : but we do not like them to forget their position relative to England.

WE have at length read Inglis on the Channel Islands ; not to give us a help in our narratives to you, but to show us what to avoid as a twice told tale. There is no fear : he writes so well, and describes with so just and professor-like a pen, that, as with the big wheel and little wheel of a carriage, we may ever run on the same road together, without any fear of contact. They tell us he is dead ; if so, we may say, as did Urban VIII., that “ the judgment of one living man, is worth more than the maxims of a hundred dead ones.”

The time is fast approaching for our return home to England ; yet are we never weary of rejoicing over our accounts,

“ Quattro e quattr’ otto ;—

For great is the difference of the sum total *here*,

to the sum total *there*. This must arise, in a measure, from the absence of all those things which we think it so comfortably clever in England to feed ourselves from: cows, first upon the calendar; then the gardens; and eke the pigs!—like all other live company, very agreeable to the taste, but expensive to keep. The gardener, knowing he is a play-day sort of person, is proof to the never-ceasing complaint, that there is nothing to eat in early season: to all of which he replies with the most perfect *sang froid*—whilst yours is broiling over with resentment—that he does not know! Nobody knows anything but the expense; and that falls heavily, and always seemingly quite unexpectedly, upon the master. Yet a brave pair of shoulders he has to bear it. He likes not to do things in the small way, of a peck of potatoes and a pennyworth of carrots; he would rather not eat these things at all, than at that paltry rate; the same with this—the same with that—the same with it ALL:—if he cannot have enough, he will

have none: but this “none” is a position he never even dreams of; it is only a mode of expression. There certainly can be no sort of doubt, that men and women are made of different materials.

Be this as it may, the time, as we have said, approaches, and we regret the going home—

“Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court!
—I would not change.”

Nor I—“Nor I”—“Nor I”—“Nor I”—adds an earnest echo of voices; would but the season be of the same opinion. But winter is coming on; and the sea tells, “the season’s difference; the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter’s wind.” Even the Ariadne has put herself in cotton, and sails no more;—is not this a sufficient warning, that if we are to return—it is time to do so?

And yet do we feel how very sorry we are;—

how much more there is here of which we could tell you ; but we have been wasting—spending—our time

“ Under the greenwood tree.”

And there is still Ivy Castle to be talked about—its high trees growing in the moat—its walks round the castle-walls covered with brambles—even adding to the romance in its wilderness.

. “ Time

Has mouldered into beauty many a tower,

Which when it frown'd with all its battlements

Was only terrible.”

All this could be told, and a great deal more. But it is only of the country we can talk ; not of its laws and government, and local institutions ; we candidly confess of the latter we have visited none ; neither the royal court-house—the town-hospital—nor the prison. Visiting our prisons at home, we think, tends to harden the heart, to see them so clean and so comfortable, and with all care of how they are to provide their “ daily bread” taken from their inmates : were it not

for the name, we suspect idle people would make interest to get into such places. But then the poor certainly do not like order nor work ;—they like to lounge better. The high and the low lounge—but there is a middle race that cannot afford such luxurious *délassement*. Very poor people will stand at their door to see and be seen by every one that passes. There are very few but the high or the low who can afford to do this ; for the rest are hard-working, enterprising people. We cannot but have the idea that the poor is a distinct race in themselves ; and that labour is lost to meddle with them or to attempt to make them comfortable. Do not think us hard-hearted in what we say ;—we give them what we can afford to give, but we see them as they are—idle—helpless—and discontented ;—how they live is a puzzle !—so the prison has not been visited. There is also the Mechanic's Institution, and the States Arcade, which consists of upwards of four hundred members, and its library contains more than three thousand volumes. This library is

open every day, and we feel somewhat shocked as we confess that we have never seen it. We have had no time for books; a few authors, which we live upon as a silkworm on a leaf, is all the reading we have had. We walk with Hamlet on "the platform"—talk with Jaques amid the green trees;—there are not many of them here; yet whilst reposing under a few leafy branches, we want nothing more than Shakspeare can conjure up—running brooks as we turn the leaves—and good in everything;—our long walks, our supper of Guernsey galette and Spanish wine;—such is all that we desire. Yet we could tell you of some evening parties to which we have been, and of our meeting an old seventh hussar. It was pleasing to talk of past times—of Elphinstone—Wildman—and the rest. Yet was there nothing but the spirit of the gay soldier he had been, and the peculiar wipe of the moustache—

"Heaven bless their pigtails though they're now cut off!"

He has turned clergyman — a black coat in-

stead of the blue—yet still fighting the good fight! — These *soirées* are the same as our *soirées* in England ;—equally refined—equally pleasant : but we did not come to Gũernsey to go to evening parties.

SYMPTOMS of packing are beginning ; and we feel like a child going to school, with the first visible certainty that the time for return is coming. Pope Sixtus wrote to Philip II., " Let your majesty delay no longer ; every delay will change good intentions into bad performances." We care not for Pope Sixtus' advice ; and confess, nothing but the fear of the Equinoxial gales hurries us off. Every time we now hear the castle gun, it is *almost* for the last time ;—dear evening gun ! we must soon get up and go to rest, without your chivalresque interference. —Feel quite depressed on seeing the little toolbox most elaborately packed ; children and dogs certainly do like moving ! The tooth-

brush, of all things in the world ! carefully laid within side—and the string tied round. It is very certain that children do take a pleasure in packing and moving.

WE are now come to Tuesday night, and next Tuesday we leave this place. The *Ariadne* is just come in, the moon is brightly shining, and the sea is *really* “like a glassy lake,” whilst the tide is so high, that we see by the lamps on board, that the “good ship” which bears us home, is now taking in her passengers at once from the pier.

How tenderly do we long—how sincerely do we hope—how fervently do we pray—that it may be such a night as this, when the gentle Jessicas set sail for their far-off home! The mind is the trouble and the foe in all these things. If it *ever* blows, we say, it will blow on Tuesday night,—if the moon ever turns

pensive and hides her face behind a cloud, it will be on Tuesday night. The very idea is pain ! and as we view the sea, we feel as those feel, *who must be worse before they are better*. As Carlyle observes, “ It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world ; to die is not sport for man. Man’s life never was a sport to him ; it is a stern reality altogether, a serious matter to be alive.” It is, indeed, with this sea voyage before us ! Would that we had the rail to traverse, which Wordsworth is taking so to heart ! By the way, how simple it is of him ! his querulous objection is to the *rail* ; not discovering that his quarrel is with the *times* ;—a child crying, as it were, for the cake that is gone—or for the *mewn*—as we would pronounce the word in Devon. We cannot understand how *you* can uphold him in such selfish second-childhood. Let us, even now, arrest what we may regret : but to *stay* the energy of those who plan the rail, were the same as putting your pen against—not the *mewn*—but the Horse Guards’ clock,

and crying, "Hold! enough." If it would linger in its progress to any one—to listen—it might be to you: but it will not. And the rail is the same—the effervescent runaway state of the times;—and you but waste your words! Vain, then, is it to hope that these times will go back: we have had the Alpha, and we must e'en take the Omega with it. The fact is, you clever people have no objection to the alphabet—not at all; but you wish the arranging of the letters to be left in your own hands. Be that as it may,—we wish that we had a rail.

The Ariadne is just departing on her way: gracefully she steers along! We see the lights on board—the smoke—and the great black moving thing! Now she crosses the bright pathway to the moon—a still, quiet, sea-faring traveller. She crosses just before Jedtho; the smoke seems like a volcano on the island; we hear the paddle and the whizz, and the gentle splash of the wave.—Still the light and the smoke—now a shade—on she goes!

“ Ave, Santissima ! we lift our souls to thee ! ”

What a sarcasm it is upon our religion, that we are never so fervently devout, as when we are frightened. One more look—one more hope—that it may be such a night as this ! Again we see the smoke ; she is passing Herm ; the canaries aroused from their sleep seem to think that we painters from nature, who peep through the window when all should be at rest, are most intrusive creatures. Yet one more look ! Herm is passed—the Ariadne is mixed up with the dark grey distance.—And now for the Caskets !

Next Tuesday we shall be on the “ opposite benches,” gazing towards the window at which we now write ;—*aspirating*, no doubt. We are always sighing for something ; not for what we have, but for that which we have not. One more look,—and the Ariadne is gone. *Addio*—good night.

WE are writing with the paper on our knees, rejoicing in all the lawlessness and idleness of packing; for to those who work with the head—such as it may be—instead of the hands, packing is quite a *délassement*;—squeezing into trunks, instead of spinning out on paper,—hammering down a cover in place of an idea—and all done with the leisurely turn of mind of those who call themselves busy. The children run about and clap their hands; the dogs ruffle up their long shaggy ears, and are restless, from seeing there is something to be done;—the waves are splashing more than usual against the rocks;—the flags are blithely waving from the head of the masts,—“partout on dance!”

“ Embellissez ce bord tranquille,
Croissez, remparts magestueux ;
Murs naissans, protégez l'aisle
D'un peuple aimable et vertueux :
Loin d'ici le trouble et la crainte ;
Que le paisible voyageur
Ne quitte jamais cette enceinte
Sans avoir trouve le bonheur !

“ Que dans ces ports l'heureux navire
Vienne chercher la sûreté
Là rêgeront le doux Zéphyre,
Le calme et l'hospitalité.
Là, les fiers habitans de l'onde
Viendront après de long travaux,
Echanger les trésors du monde,
Pour l'amitié, pour le repos.”

Thus sung Apollo, accompanied by his lyre ;—
and thus may all say, or sing, suiting their own
convenience in the method,—who have visited
Guernsey. *It is good to know of such a land !*

And there is as little difficulty in getting away,
as there is in arriving—“ Press the coming,
speed the parting guest.” The same porter who

brought our luggage in, again presents himself for the honour of carrying it out to the vessel; the same boatmen;—but George Green and his “May flower” has superseded them.

Now we really feel the advantage of having no bills; for like the gipseys—the independent *Roms*—our tent is struck in an instant. We pay the boatmen eight shillings, the porters five shillings,—all ready to impose, perhaps, a little at last; yet still the kind word—the grateful bow—the parting benediction, “God bless you!” and the assurance, as they say, that we could not have had better weather, even had we paid for it!

And it was beautiful, indeed! and quite calm enough,—a bright, frothy ripple, and that was all. At the very moment we got on board, the evening gun fired,—“bome!” and it sounded mournful to the ear,—the last word,—the parting with a friend! But all was motion and confusion! plenty of smoke, and strange to say, so much baffling wind, that we had enough to

do to gather in our cloaks, and to wrap them closely around us : the little Blenheim crept into a lap, and Charlie crouched down under our feet, whilst the captain, wrapped in his thick rough weather coat, stood fixedly on the bridge between the paddle-boxes, most intent in his look out.

“ Hurly, burly, toil and trouble,—

Fires burn and caldrons bubble !”

It was some moments before we could take our intended *last look* at our window—the window at which so many peaceful hours had been passed ! but we had skimmed along fast before the gale—for gale it really was ! St. Peter’s Port and the Esplanade, were already in the distance ; and the first point we saw was Vale Castle, standing on its cheerful height,—two miles or more from our late happy home. Yes, it was gone—all left behind ! And we felt amused, yet disappointed, that the sighs which *were* to have been uttered,—the last grateful look to our

comfortable place of abode, were all dispensed with. Romance is one thing, *reality* another.

And now the Caskets, like two bright cat's eyes, fearfully gleamed upon us in the distance. The evening dark—the sea rough—the motion of the vessel very trying—and the baffling wind so powerful, that it was a work of some labour to contend with it. The *Ariadne* had ceased to sail, and we soon missed her orderly and comfortable accommodations: the vessel we were in had taken her place, evidently before it was ready; therefore everything was in disorder and confusion; seeming like a sort of trading vessel, beset with good company. There was one advantage to us,—our dogs had the *entrée* to the cabin as freely as ourselves. The little *Blenheim* paraded our berths till he settled himself at our feet,—and Charlie reposed on the floor by the side of us.

The night was stormy, and our sickness intolerable. We shipped seas; and then a tremendous shock!—so violent that everything at

the instant fell in the cabin. Whether it was that we struck a rock, or came in collision with another vessel,—a small vessel it must have been—we cannot say ; there was much confusion on the deck, and the steamer for about an hour was stayed in its course. At the Custom-house a lady passenger was asked whether we had not had a collision ? This is all we know of the matter ; for not one word could we get from the captain.

And, of course, we were very much frightened at the time ? No, not one bit. No ; here is a strong proof that *reality* is very different from *anticipation*. Were we writing from the romance of imagination, what a night would not this have been for a picture ! As it was, we were all too ill to converse the one with the other ; and fear is a contagious disorder. The only anticipation of death that we remember passing through our mind, was, thinking that *if* we were in danger we would collect ourselves together ;—that we would pray—clasp each other in our arms, and

console ourselves with the idea, that we were only going a few years sooner, *and that we all died together.*

This may sound very cool: but it must be recollected that the impression of the danger at the time was merely a solitary idea of our own: no one came near us; the only voice we heard, save that of the loud bawling on deck, was that of a pretty spoilt girl, sleeping in a neighbouring berth, who very pathetically uttered every now and then—a sort of “minute gun at sea,” “I knew we should never get safe to England!”—But we did get safe;—therefore the least that is said the better: the difficulties we passed were but a casualty at sea; the getting out of our cabin, over the heap of black cushions that had been piled on a berth, and so fallen on the floor,—a sort of crossing the Alps,—perhaps the greatest we had to encounter. The novelty of danger takes from its importance: so we will not quarrel with the bridge, that brought us in safety over.

WE have little more to add, for our pleasure is passed—our tour is done. We can with truth assert that in our visit to Guernsey we have had no just cause to regret the leaving home;—it has been to us a season of unalloyed happiness. If our house has not been so good as we wished, there has always been the consoling reflection that it was the best we could get: quarter day is the time when the house-seekers in Guernsey play, as it were, at puss in the corner, change their positions, and suit themselves with a residence.

For the rest we may repeat on the warrant of experience, that for persons whose expenses encroach too closely on their means, that seventy

pounds in Guernsey will go as far as a hundred pounds will at home, and furnish them with a much better description of living. We repeat with truth, there is no place that is *English*, equal to this; for Guernsey *is* English, though nothing in England will give you the idea of Guernsey. A wise man has said, that the use of travel is to regulate imagination by reality. He might have added many other things, in which we feel its utility: but there is a cowardly, craven fear creeps over all those who most need the benefit of such advantages. And besides, we are willing to the last to cling to things which do us no good;—fastidious temper—vain pride—false pretensions; all of too local a nature to be packed in our knapsack and exported; so we prefer staying with them at home—as Shakspeare expresses it—“ We fools of nature !”

Have we said enough to explain that for such there is something better to be done? that we can save without being exactly inhumed alive, in what we discouragingly call “ a hole ” in

England :—this is our only idea of the alternative left us.

Let there then be a flexibility—a teachableness—in those who would better a bad condition ;—a disposition to do right, and to leave an expensive home : not with the determination to find fault and to *fuss* ; but to wean themselves from unreasonable wishes, unwarrantable desires, and extravagant pretension ;—to carry with them instead, good-humour and prudence, and, above all, the exceeding blessing of a *thankful spirit*. Then, all will go well. If it does not, and the reality run counter to the desires, do not blame us for what we have said ; but rather learn from the French, *quana on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on à*. Or with Terentius,

“ If what you wish for, cannot be obtained,
Wish for what can, and then your point is gained.”

AND what is all this for? you will ask, you who are too wise to need the benefit of such counsel,—

“What is this *ducdame*?”

We have only *addio*,—or rather *au revoir*, left in our pen: for the rest, we give you the reply of Jaques,—

“’Tis a Greek invocation to call THOSE into a circle,”

who have yet the secret of our starting point to learn; and to teach and preach the sense,

“Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
Discite.”

Or, in the words of Pope, that those who run may read,

“TO LIVE ON LITTLE WITH A CHEERFUL HEART.”

THE END.

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